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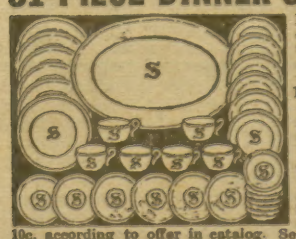

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CHICAGO LEDGER

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The Authors Write This Week's Talk

The Editor of the Ledger is of the firm belief that authors are of no use unless they are of some use, which means that this week he lies down in the traces on That Editorial Talk, and watches out of the corner of his eye to see whether his authors are going to come to the rescue. Ah, what's this? Bernard Guilbert Guerney of New York City says he is willing to go up to the footlights and tell the audience what he would like to do. Go ahead, Bernard. What would you like to do most in the world? Says Bernard:

I WOULD LIKE TO——

Stick a hat pin into a circus Fat Girl and see how far it will go before it makes her jump. (2)Steal a million. (3)See Katie once more. (4)Jump off the Woolworth tower. (5)See what is left of me when I land. (6)Be a circus clown. (7) Get on a magazine. (8)Get run over: (a)by a fire engine, (b) by a milk cart. (9)Animate the Venus de Milo (without restoring her arms), and tell her that her hair is disarranged—and her drapery slipping down. (10)Be a comedian with a cheap girl act. (11)Steal another million. (12)Dress up as a woman, and see if I could walk a mile on Broadway without being arrested. (13)Concoct a cocktail from Prussic acid, kerosene, vitriol and Paris green. (14)Drink it. (15) Count how many salti mortali I would make after drinking it. (16) Tweak Strangler Lewis' nose, and bang his hat over his eyes. (17)Get an invitation to write for the Ledger. (18)Kiss the golden down under Mrs. Q.'s left ear. (19)Hit a certain Metropolitan star tenor with a melancholy grape fruit just when he reaches his highest note. (20)Be one of Mlle. Naida's troupe of snakes. (21)Lick Mr. Q. (22)Feed a Billy-goat on salted cod and sponges, then let him drink to his heart's content. (23)Change bodies with the President of the Old Ladies' Anti-Booze Auxiliary, go on a drunk, and be arrested for doing a Grecian dance at Times Square in my undies. (24)Write an immortal novel. (25)Come back after my death and blow the dust off it. (26)Substitute burnt cork for powder in some lady's vanity case—and see her use it. (27)Hear Paderewski play "Oui, oui, Marie!" with his right hand, and "Minny, Shimmy for Me" with his left at the same time. (28)Find out what lunatic asylum I am going to end my days in.

Good for you, Bernard. You say some one's pushing you from behind? Ah, there's Howard Phillip Rhoades. What do you want, Howard? Oh, you say you want to tell the ladies and gentlemen the depths to which you have never sunk. All right, Howard. What are the depths to which you have never sunk? Says Howard:

After failing to contribute to Bill Jones' pool against the Thirst Eternal I have gone down in his cellar and taken a drink.

I have stolen out of a restaurant without tipping the underpaid girl who brought me my fodder.

I have called my brother a fool and shrugged my shoulders at hell's fire.

I have asked the manager of a ten-cent movie for a pass.

I have stolen a fellow's towel at the Y. M. C. A.

I have drowned a bag of sightless kittens.

I have eaten tripe.

But never—and draw and quarter me if I ever shall—have I made a date with a girl who, having been given a good feminine name by her family, insists on calling herself Billie, Jacky, Bobby or Ted!

Well, Howard, you certainly seem to be worked up about it. Now, if you'll just kindly move one foot to the side, so that Walter Scott Haskell of Denver can come up to the footlights, we'll give you a hand or two. We know Walter is going to recite his famous two verses called "Good Luck." Let her fly, Walter. Says Walter:

There was a young husband henpecked,
Which had a depressing effect,
So, to shut off wife's mouth,
He took a trip south,
And she got a divorce for neglect.

When a writer for words gets stuck,
He can use the old subject "Good Luck,"
And The Ledger will roar:
"Oh, give us some more."
Not knowing he cribbed it from Puck.

Walter will have his little joke. But we're good-natured. Now, while T. E. Brown is reluctantly getting up to tell his servant girl joke, we ourself will

(Concluded on Page 18.)

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE

BY MARY AGNES KELLY.

Are ye of the ones who have brandished the sword
At the Savior, and Savior's own promised reward,
At those who are asking of thee and thy store
A bit of the loaf and a sip, if no more,
When hunger and thirst are as wolves when they hear
The answering challenge of prey that is near?
Oh, where are the saints of the earth who have cried,
Where are the babes at the breast who have died?
Who are the victors, the vanquished, the dead?
Where are the Master's own servants who read:
"As ye did it to these, so it ever shall be;
Where are my little ones? Come unto me
All ye who are hungered and weary, footsore,
And ye shall find rest, but for them nevermore
Shall shine forth the sun, or the noon give her light
Who purchase with tears their own selfish delight,
Who revel and sing in a wild, sinful strain
While thousands are dying and millions in pain
Are holding wee hands that are frail skin and bone.
They are asking for bread. Will ye give them a stone?"

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Thimble! Thimble!

By Constance Cornwall

LAWRENCE TILTON, called 'the whirlwind of success," was by no means satisfied with his own achievements. In fact, he considered himself quite insufficient. All thru his professional career he had striven for one thing, and tho money and clients had come aplenty his heart's desire had eluded him.

At first when the object of his hopes and fears seemed a possibility Tilton worked like a Trojan and earned his nickname of "Whirlwind," and made more money than he would be able to spend, at his present moderate rate of living, in a hundred years. Five years before when he believed the purpose for all his efforts passed out of his life, forever, the lawyer ceased to figure up his earnings and just worked to obliterate thought.

But now, after all, if such a thing as good coming out of evil is possible, he was wondering if he might not at last attain the coveted prize.

He sat in a cushioned swivel chair at his carefully dusted and neatly arranged desk. Every minute or two he consulted his watch, always keeping an eye on the door as he did so. He had nervously tapped his pencil point into a perfectly clean blotter until it looked like a dotted map of topsyturvydom.

The drawers of his desk were literally bulging with work, and he had rung several times for his secretary, but each time he had sent the girl away, knowing that he could think of only one case and that was not yet ripe for action.

He picked up a letter from his desk and read its closing lines:

> If you think I would stoop to petty theft, do not make an appointment; we shall only be wasting time.

Then he glanced at a big front page story in a morning paper:

$500,000 WORTH OF JEWELS MISSING.

"My God," he muttered under his breath, "does she call that 'petty theft'? That's grand larceny."

He started to pace up and down the room. People who knew him best would never have recognized the cool prominent lawyer, whose masterful handling of difficult cases that had brought him lucrative fame, in the anxious man stalking up and down, counting minutes as hours, and the morning a lifetime.

Besides being a lawyer of uncommon ability, Tilton was a shrewd politician, in the good sense of the word. At first his best friends, or rather the best of his friends, deplored his entry into what they termed a corrupt profession, but the lawyer stoutly maintained his scrupulous motives. "All inside information," he explained, "from whatever source, is grist to a lawyer's mill." He believed that one could study corruption without contamination.

Time proved that he was right, for altho Tilton's name frequently appeared in big heavy headlines in evening papers, and he figured in great undertakings backed by political parties, his keenest opponents had to admit that he played a fair game.

At 40, a bachelor, he had the wholesome appearance that work, success, and a decent life gives to the plainest man.

In the outer room Tilton's secretary yawned, manicured her nails, and finally pulled out from her desk a novel, which had heretofore failed to interest her.

"Nothing to do?" asked a stenographer passing the door.

Miss Ellis, welcoming a chat, brightened.

"I don't know what has come over Mr. Tilton, Grace," she whispered. "I do believe he is getting temperamental. He has rung for me three times this morning and each time he has changed his mind."

"What do you mean, changed his mind?" queried Grace.

"Why, he just looks surprised as tho he had forgotten he rang the bell, and says 'Never mind, Miss Ellis.' A few minutes ago he was whistling, and then directly afterward I'm sure I heard a deep groan."

"Didn't you go in to see?" asked the other girl inquisitively.

"Of course, I couldn't deliberately ask him if anything was the matter, but I made an excuse to go into his private office. I had wanted for some time to ask him when I might take my vacation. Just as I had my hand on the door I heard him talking to himself and he was saying, 'If I have to pull every string in the accursed political game, I'll win out.' So I guess it's an unusually hard case that is worrying him."

"Since when did our boss have to worry about a hard case?" Grace asked confidently. "I'm not worrying for him—take it from me. What did he say about your vacation? That interests me much more."

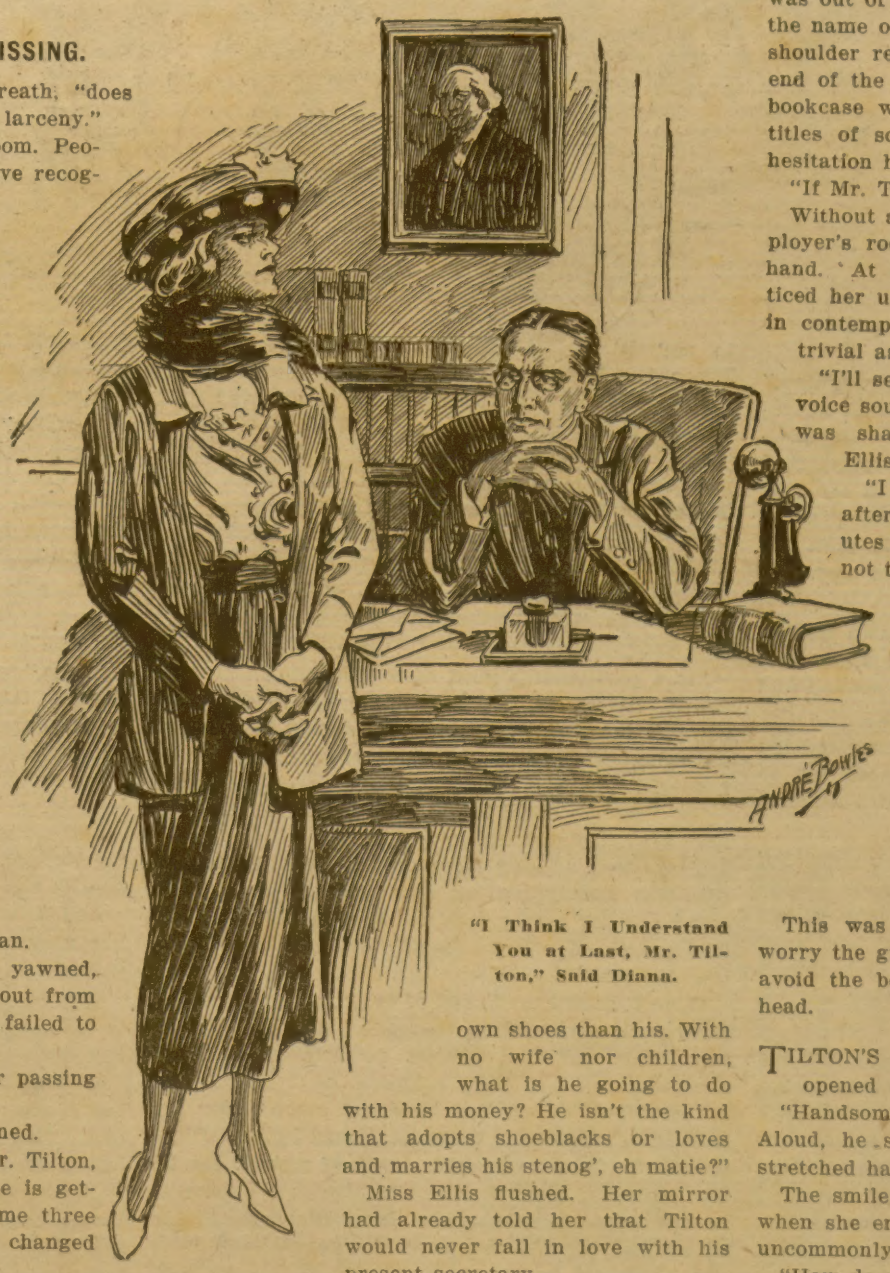
"He said he didn't know whether he could spare me at all; he expects to be very busy. What do you think of that?"

"I think he needs a vacation himself," decided the other girl.

"A vacation himself," echoed Miss Ellis. "You don't know him. A prominent lawyer, like our boss, never takes a real vacation. He comes to the office early and stays late, year in and year out."

The stenographer threw up her hands as if to be a prominent lawyer was to be cursed. No two weeks' vacation; no going home at 5 o'clock every day, with Saturday afternoons and holidays for herself, to her mind was a hard life indeed.

"Good Lord," she exlaimed, "I'd rather be in my own shoes than his. With no wife nor children, what is he going to do with his money? He isn't the kind that adopts shoeblacks or loves and marries his stenog', eh matie?"



"I Think I Understand You at Last, Mr. Tilton," Said Diana.

Miss Ellis flushed. Her mirror had already told her that Tilton would never fall in love with his present secretary.

"That's just what I'd like to know," she said quickly to cover the girl's bluntness. "I don't see how he escapes the women in his own circle. I know——"

What she knew was not told just then. Miss Ellis stopped abruptly. A lady whom she had never seen in the office before stood at the door. The girls were startled at the beautiful apparition. Only their office training prevented them from exclamations of surprise.

After one gaping stare Grace glided behind the visitor and disappeared into her own department, leaving Miss Ellis to conceal her embarrassment as best she could.

The office boy, who had accompanied the lady to Miss Ellis' door, had also retreated to his own quarters. The stranger had apparently heard none of the conversation, for she showed perfect unconcern, and the girl's scarlet cheeks and rather trembly voice seemed to pass unnoticed.

Miss Ellis had never before seen such a beautiful woman. She was tall and slender, her figure the personification of grace. Her lovely neck and shoulders gleamed like ivory thru a black, filmy, gauzy dress.

She was blonde of the purest type, and the black garment enhanced the faultless delicacy of her complexion. Her eyes were large, clear, and blue—eyes that could smile with love, and gleam with scorn. Her mouth was alluring with dimples, but the short upper lip indicated pride and disdain. From the crown of her rich golden hair to the tips of her tiny satin shoes she was a marvel of perfection; as out of place in a musty law office as an American Beauty rose in a grain field.

She dropped gracefully into a chair and leisurely drew out of an exquisite bead bag of oriental design, a card which she placed in Miss Ellis' outstretched hand.

"Mr. Tilton expects me," she said without looking up.

With an unaccountable foreboding the secretary started for her employer's private office. Altho she had not seen the name on the card a sudden impulse to tear up the innocent bit of pasteboard seized her. She stood still for a moment, flushed and trembling, her hand upon the door. Then supposing that she was out of sight of the visitor she would have read the name on the card, but a furtive glance over her shoulder revealed an inquiring gaze from the other end of the room; the lady had walked over to the bookcase with the evident intention of reading the titles of some of the books, but seeing the girl's hesitation had paused.

"If Mr. Tilton is engaged," she said, "I can wait."

Without answering Miss Ellis dashed into her employer's room and almost thrust the card into his hand. At any other time Tilton would have noticed her unusual manner, but he was too absorbed in contemplating the card to think of anything so trivial as a stenographer's nerves.

"I'll see the lady at once," he said, making his voice sound as formal as possible, tho he knew it was shaking miserably. "Show her in, Miss Ellis."

"I didn't even get a chance to read her name after all," the secretary told Grace a few minutes later. "I never did such a thing before as not to read a card that is put in my hand. It must have been a premonition of something that is going to happen that made me so nervous. Lots of women clients call, but none of them have ever made me palpitate as that one did."

"I don't believe in premonitions," said Bert, the office boy, who had been an attentive listener to the conversation. "The reason you got flustered was because you were caught discussing the boss. I heard you long before I got to the door."

This was an exaggerated statement intended to worry the girls, and he had to make a hasty exit to avoid the book which Grace aimed at his luckless head.

TILTON'S eyes were riveted on the door when it opened to admit his visitor.

"Handsomer than ever," was his inward comment. Aloud, he said, advancing to meet her with outstretched hand, "How do you do, Lady Banister?"

The smile that hovered on the lips of the visitor when she entered the room disappeared; something uncommonly like a pout took its place.

"How do you, Mr. Tilton?" she said with mocking emphasis on his name, taking the only chair in sight which he had purposely drawn close to his own before she came in.

"You needn't call me that," he said in injured tones.

She tossed her head defiantly.

"And you needn't have called me what you did," she defended. "I haven't done anything to you."

"Well, good morning, Diana," he said sedately.

"Is that better?" he asked, in a still milder tone.

"It's almost worse," she declared with a puzzled glance. "Do you know, Larry, that ever since I came home the whole family has called me Diana. It's just horrid. It's almost worse than Lady B, as Tom started to call me. Why doesn't every one call me Di, as they used to?"

"Don't you like your title?" he asked, noticing with joy how easily his own name had slipped from her tongue. He fairly beamed with pleasure, altho he wondered why an American girl should marry a title if she didn't want to be called My Lady every time she was addressed.

"Of course I like it, but my own family are not supposed to call me Lady Banister, you foolish old Larry."

"But, Di, I'm not your family, nor any member of it," he corrected her. "Not even the most distant relationship exists between us."

She looked at him in utter amazement, straightened in her chair, and began to put on her gloves, which she had removed.

"Do you deny that you are my guardian? That you consented to my marriage with Lord Banister; that you have charge of my affairs and that I have always come to you for everything I have ever had? Haven't I come to you this morning to settle this miserable jewel business? Is there any one else in New York I would have gone to? Relation, indeed. Isn't that relationship?"

She spoke sharply, but Tilton fancied that she was more nervous than angry.

"What you say is quite true, except that I consented to your marriage with Lord Banister," he said. "My consent was not asked; I was told that you were going to marry him; all I was asked to do was to draw up the settlement papers. But that is not to the point, Di. Your happiness has always been the object of my life. If that is secured, nothing else matters. I merely wanted to disabuse your mind of any blood relationship between us."

"Then why should you object to belonging to our family?" she queried.

Tilton reddened, but to cover his confusion he spoke coolly.

"I didn't say that I objected to belonging to your family. I merely reminded you that we are not related," he said.

Di stood up and confronted him, fully an inch taller than when she came in. Her lips were set angrily, and her eyes flashed scorn.

"I think I understand you, at last, Mr. Tilton," she said disdainfully. "You have read that miserable drivel"—pointing to the pile of newspapers—"and digested every word of it, and you are ashamed of any connection with my family. I will see that mother releases you from the responsibilities of guardianship. In the meantime I will take my business to a lawyer who is less sensitive about his client's family connections."

Tilton was dazed, and for a second or two speechless, but he followed her across the room and reached the door first. Then he turned around and faced her, his back to the door.

As a lawyer who knew so well how to plead his case, Tilton must have known his business, but to a casual bystander his pleading must have sounded simple, to say the least.

"Don't call me Mr. Tilton, Di. I can't stand it," he said reproachfully. "Call me Larry or Larrykins, as you used to, altho I don't approve of pet names after a man's grown up; still if you want to call me Fido I'll answer to it. But please don't call me Mister. Come back and sit down and let me explain how you have misunderstood me."

She refused at once to return to her seat, but she relaxed somewhat and listened to his entreaties for forgiveness. Then he reviewed the past five years since her marriage. He told her how keenly her friends had felt the loss when she decided to make her home in England; and how ardently they had all worked to win the war, always thinking of her. He touched upon her husband's death in action and his own heartfelt sympathy for her. He reminded her of the agony her friends had endured while she was nursing in France, and during her consequent illness. He told her that whatever the outcome of the wretched business which had brought her there that day might be she was the same Di to them that she had been yesterday, today, and forever.

When he finished speaking Di was crying softly into her handkerchief. Tilton led her unresistingly back to the chair near his own. He looked serious, but his heart was thumping for joy. He made no attempt to conceal from himself that he welcomed any kind of trouble that brought Di to him for assistance. He had tried to keep the personal note from his talk with her, and always referred to her friends. Whether or not he had succeeded time alone could tell.

He had loved her ever since he had put on long trousers to act as godfather at her christening. He had watched her growth and development as a botanist studies the unfolding petals of a rare orchid. Every year of her life he had discovered new charms in the already lovely girl. At first he used to count the years that must elapse before he could ask her to be his wife. Sometimes he thought that 18 was the age when a girl is most susceptible to love, but as the time drew near he became nervous. Her eighteenth birthday passed, and Tilton thought with some misgivings, to be sure, of approaching Di's mother.

"Di should make a good match," she had told Tilton one day. "She is very beautiful, if I do have to say it myself," she added reproachfully, as Tilton had not responded readily. "And she has brains, too," she went on. "The people who pick her out at parties, I notice, are all intellectual."

The Woman Threatened All Sorts of Things.

"The fact is indisputable," Larry had said gloomily. This the good woman had put down to too much dinner, or at least some form of indigestion.

At another time when the occasion seemed favorable he had asked Mrs. Richmond at what age she thought Di should marry. To his surprise he found that the practical mother had worked out the subject quite thoroly to her own satisfaction.

"If a particularly good offer came to Di at 19 I should be willing for her to accept it at once," she said laconically. "But if she should insist upon marrying someone that I don't exactly approve of I should strongly recommend a long engagement."

"So that she could break it if a better offer came later?" Larry quizzed.

There was nothing mercenary in Mrs. Richmond. She was merely putting into words what a good many parents hardly realize. She wanted to do the best possible for her daughter, and she was frankness personified.

"Larry, your liver is out of order, or you wouldn't have such uncharitable thoughts," she had said at that time, and the subject in future had been avoided.

Larry had known that he didn't come under the particularly desirable class mentioned by Mrs. Richmond. To be sure he had plenty of money, but he had earned it himself, which is always a detriment in the eyes of people like Mrs. Richmond. Her money had been handed down for generations, from she knew not where—and perhaps it was as well she didn't know, for the kindly woman was the soul of propriety.

But would Larry come under the class that Di's mother would not exactly approve of? He thought it was quite possible. But how about Di? If she loved him what need he care about a long engagement? Hadn't he waited for her all these years? What was time to him? In the meantime he watched for an opportunity to speak to her.

Had Di become self-conscious of her young ladyhood at 16, as so many girls do, Larry's task would not have been so difficult. But Di had never grown up. At 18 she had, as far as he knew, had no love affairs nor flirtations; and she had the same habit of throwing her arms around his neck and almost choking him that she had when she was 5 years old.

ONE DAY, when she was about 17, she had come to him with a pair of scissors in her hand and demanded a lock of his hair. Notwithstanding she cut off enough to stuff a pillow, Larry submitted cheerfully. In fact, he was so tickled she might have scalped him if that had been her design. Later to his ineffable joy she showed him a few hairs which she had worried into a heart-shaped locket that he had given her for a valentine. He felt somewhat crestfallen, however, when she explained that all girls wore some one's hair in their lockets and she wanted to be like the rest. How could a man be serious with such a child?

And then the day came when Mrs. Richmond, sitting in the same chair that Di now occupied, told Larry that her sister, who had married an Englishman and was now living in England, had invited Di to spend a few months in London. Without the faintest idea of the pain she was inflicting she said:

"My sister will introduce Di into good society over there, and the child may make as good a match as her aunt did. I don't mean to be a foolish woman, Larry, but you have always been like a father to Di. I'm sure if her own father had lived he couldn't have done more than you have. That's why I talk so freely with you about her prospects in England."

Larry listened in undisguised astonishment. "Of course, you'll accompany her?" he had said decidedly, fear and dismay overcoming his usual calm.

Mrs. Richmond, seeing no cause for alarm, had merely looked at him in surprise.

"Certainly not," she replied. "I can't leave Tom. If he were old enough to enter Yale this year I might consider it, but as it is I couldn't think of it."

"Then Di is to be turned loose in the London marriage market and raffled off to the higest bidder," Larry said bitterly. "I should have thought that an American husband wouldn't have been any too good for her."

Mrs. Richmond looked at him reproachfully.

"Larry, you are always a wet blanket," she complained. "I have always intended that Di should marry an American. Why do you say such things?"

"London isn't just the place to send her to find an American husband," Larry grunted.

"You are mistaken, Larry. All the best Americans go over for the London season," Di's mother declared. "All the biggest matches are arranged in London."

"True," muttered Tilton, "and the consequent divorces take place in America."

"I suppose as Di's guardian you can offer a lot of disagreeable objections," she said pettishly.

Inwardly Larry was groaning with pain, but aloud he said:

"By no means, Mrs. Richmond. Di shall go with my blessing, but I reserve my judgment on the wisdom of the enterprise."

And Di went to London, but not without throwing her arms around Larry's neck, and smearing the shoulder of his coat with her tears.

This almost made a wreck of Larry, but fortunately for mankind hope dies hard in the human breast, and he comforted himself with the thought that "while there is life there is hope." Neither Di nor her mother suspected his attachment to the young girl. There had been many times in the days just before she sailed for England that he had been sorely tempted to risk his fate, but at such times the better part of him prevailed. He wanted to win her, if he won her at all, "for keeps," and he felt that if she took her trip abroad unhampered by any promise and came back to him free, then he would win her once for all.

From the day when Mrs. Richmond had told him he had been like a father to Di, Larry had been haunted with the fear that perhaps Di considered him in the light of a parent or an elderly relative, but that was before she had wept on his shoulder.

(Continued on Page 22)

Dollar Palpitation

By Artemus Calloway

PETE PAGGLEY dashed around the corner of a ramshackle frame building with the speed of a runaway locomotive. Then—slamming on brakes so suddenly that his huge feet skidded along over the ground, the old negro whirled, and like a flash of lightning darted back in the opposite direction.

Twnety-five feet from where he made his sudden stop and new start, Pete paused and peered about him.

"Huh!" he grunted, "runnin' fas' as I could to keep Cuby Jarret fum ketchin' up wid me an' lak to rum slam into Pearline Joskins."

The old man stood perfectly still for a few moments. Finally, with great caution, he crept back to the corner and peered up and down the narrow, dusty street. Finding the way clear, he started, half trotting, half running, to the North Pole Ice Cream and Soft Drink Parlor, two blocks away.

Pete Placed a Small Table Between Himself and the Woman—by Jumping Over It Backwards.

Once inside the place, Pete breathed easier; then, with a start, threw himself forward on tiptoes—ready to run some more.

But as quickly as he had started, just as quickly did he stop, a sheepish grin on his face. Pete recognized the huge form darkening the door.

"Come in, Kid, an' res' yo' feets," he mumbled. "Dis is a wahm day an' a man whut's gwine 'bout needs a lot o' settin' down."

Kid Scoot chuckled. "Fum de way you wuz gwine when you passed me down de street 'while ago I 'magines you need to res' a little. Whut you doin'—trainin' foh a race?"

Pete's only reply was a cautious glance at the door. Kid Scoot frowned.

"Whut's you glarin' at dat do' lak as if'n you 'spected to see a tiger cat come jumpin' in after you?"

Pete shook his head. "I's gittin' cautious, Kid. I's gitin' cautious. Seem lak ev'ywhuh I goes I runs up on some 'oman whut claims I is engaged to marry her, or else dey's somebody whut says I promised to make a donation to some kin' o' charity or sumpthin' lak'n to dat."

The old man shook his head. "I useter lak it down heah in Honduras, but it's gittin' too crowded wid trouble to suit me, an' it looks lak dis down o' Tela is de wust place in de whole country."

Kid grinned. "I's been tellin' you all de time dat you hadn't oughter make yo'se'f so permiscous wid de womens. You's been skylarkin' 'roun' wid ev'y single 'oman in dis town lately."

Pete frowned. Removing his battered old straw hat from a bald and shiny head he took a handkerchief from a pocket and proceeded to mop his perspiring brow. Then he orated:

"You's tawkin' jes' 'cause you's got a mou'f to tawk wid, Kid; not 'cause you knows whut you's tawkin' 'bout. You's a good prize-fighter 'cause dat's yo' bus'ness, but when it comes to womens you don' know no mo'n I knows whether Joseph's coat o' many colors wuz altogether fum taste or whedder his pa wuz jes' takin' a knock at whut dey calls de high cos' o' livin'. I ain't made mahse'f permiscous wid no womens. Dey's made deyse'ves permiscuous wid me."

Kid nodded. "Mebbe so you's right, but dis mawnin' is de fus' time I's seed you runnin' lak you wuz tryin' to git 'way fum somebody."

The proprietor of the North Pole pulled a cane-bottomed chair slightly away from one of the little tables where his customers were accustomed to sit and enjoy their drinks. Motioning to Kid to do likewise, the old man seated himself.

With Kid Scoot facing him across the table, Pete leaned slightly forward, elbows on the table, chin on elbows and slowly opened his mouth.

"Kid," said he, slowly and thoughtfully, "a man whut ain't got nuthin' an' don't expect to have nothin' had sho' ough to be de happiest feller in de worl'."

Kid grunted, "Dat bein' de case I'd ought to be standin' out dah on de corner shoutin' foh joy—but I ain't out dah. Nosuh, yo' tawk mout soun' good to a crazy man but to me it makes a noise lak'n to plain damn foolishments. Whut ail you, nohow?"

Pete snorted. "Whut ail me?" He repeated the question. "Whut ail me? You know well 'nough whut ail me! Ain't dey fo' womens in dis town whut says I's engaged to marry 'em? Ain't dey 'bout a dozen people whut says I's excribed money foh diff'runt things lak'n to benyfit affairs, school teacher's sal'ries an de lak? Ain't dey 'bout to plumb run me crazy?"

The old man pounded a horny fist on the table. "Ain't it got to de p'int dat I's skeered to step outside; skeered I's gwine fin' some yuther 'oman whut says I's gwine marry her, or somebody else whut says I's gwine pay money out foh sumpthin?"

Kid laughed shortly. "Dat's 'cause de news is become succulated 'bout dat you's 'bout to become a rich man. I's heerd de 'mount dat you's gwine come into mentioned all de way fum twenty thousan' dollahs to a millyum dollahs, an' o' course dey's allus a lot o' peoples whut wants to sympathise wid a man whut's come into a lot o' money."

Pete swore. "Twenty thousan' dollahs! A millyum dollahs! You knows yo' se'f, Kid, dat de 'mount I's gwine git is only five thousan' dollahs. An' I wish I wuzn't gwine git dat. I's done got sick an' tired o' money. I'd break up de trade right now if'n I could."

And right there was the root of Pete's troubles. For many years the old man had owned a small tract of land, back several miles in the interior on the Saluca River. This land had come to Pete as a concesion from the government in consideration of certain duties performed by him as a confidential messenger during one of the many revolutions pulled off in Honduras during Pete's twenty-five years of residence there. The old man considered the land of but little value at the time it was given him and of less value as time passed. Nevertheless, hoping against hope that he might some day realize something out of it, he had faithfully paid the taxes in order to have no cloud on the title, should the time ever come when he desired to utilize it.

Then after years of waiting, that time had come. A body of engineers and timber experts representing a New York concern, visited Honduras to make investigations and secure options on tracts of mahogany lands.

While the engineers were busy locating primary routes for a possible railroad, the timber experts had been equally as busy calculating the value of timber lands and obtaining options on tracts of land covered with the desirable trees.

Finally, Martin Neil, chief of the party, came to Pete and for fifty dollars secured an option on his Saluca River tract. The option ran for a period of sixty days, with a purchase price of five thousand dollars stipulated.

Pete had seen Neil no more, but understood that gentleman to be in Ceiba, from which point the railroad would in all probability be built.

But if Pete hadn't seen Neil, he had seen others of the timber prospectors and they were highly jubilant over what they had found in the way of timber on and near the Saluca.

Finally the news reached Tela that all doubts as to the New York company's operations in Honduras were in the past. The only thing now to be determined was whether the railroad should be built from Ceiba, Balfate or Port Sol. This would be settled, it was understood within a short while, and within fifteen days railroad material would in all probability commence arriving at whatever point should be determined upon as the coast terminal.

THE news of Pete's coming wealth had spread among the colored population of Tela and vicinity like fire on a prairie. None of his acquaintances estimated the amount Pete was to receive at less than twenty thousand dollars, while the majority ran it into gigantic figures.

Then Pete's troubles commenced. So long as he was merely Pete Paggley, proprietor of the North Pole Ice Cream and Soft Drink Parlor and of the Hot Iron Pressing Club, located next door to the North Pole, neither of which places brought in sufficient wealth to make the Wall Street magnates sit up nights, the old man's cares had been comparatively light.

True, Pete's position as president and treasurer of the Knights and Ladies of the Guiding Light, an organization founded by him, gave the old negro a certain prominence, but aside from his efforts to prevent some aspiring rival from usurping his place, Pete's Lodge duties had not been such as to bring on brain fever.

Women had never troubled him to any great extent. Of course, there had been affairs . . . But these were small matters.

But with the news of the old man's forthcoming wealth, marriageable women of all ages—women who had never given him a second look before, practically threw themselves at him. Pete, never a woman hater, offered such encouragement as lay in his power, with the result that within a few days four women claimed to have promised to become Mrs. Pete Paggley.

Nor was this all. Every one who wanted to stick a little addition onto some little school house, regardless of where located, came to Pete. Every one who wanted to help some poor but worthy cause, came to Pete. And all of these were good talkers. And to each Pete made a donation; payable when his money for the sale of the land should be received.

But none of these donations were worrying Pete as much as were the four fiancees, who each and all were clinging to him as the most affectionate vine sticks to the mighty oak.

There was Henrietta Backshaw, tall, angular and lean; Cuby Jarret, short and plump—with a temper just as short as her body, and as sharp and cutting as her figure was round; Jasemine Covin, small, brown and kittenish; and Pearline Joskins, large, fat and black, and a woman to steer away from when angered.

Each and every one of these women had long since determined to marry a man of means at the very first opportunity—Pete had the means, and they intended making the opportunity.

I's Meat Grease, I Is, an' Dem What Knows Me Trembles When I Speaks.

Reading From Left to Right—Henrietta Backshaw, Cuby Jarret, Pearline Joskins, Jasemine Covin.

Of all his fiancees, Pete feared Pearline Joskins most. There was something in the appearance of the big black woman that spelled danger, and while Pete's text book education had been sadly neglected he had gathered freely from the school of experience and no difficulty in reading in this woman's face large chunks of trouble for himself.

Pearline had, before coming to Tela, honored Ceiba with her presence and it was Pete's understanding that while in Ceiba she had been engaged to a gentleman of color, originally hailing from the States, and who answered to the high sounding name of Meat Grease. Meat Grease, it seemed was somewhat of a bad actor; fearfully jealous, afraid of nothing and continually on the lookout for some one to beat up, but he having some time since returned to his Alabama home, Pete gave but little thought to him.

Thoughts of his many fiancees and of the troubles they represented were coursing thru Pete's brain like the Cannon Ball Express as he sat staring across the table.

Finally Kid Scoot laughed. "Looks lak ev'y niggah 'oman in Honduras is been tryin' to marry you since it becomed known dat you wuz gwine git dat money, Pete."

Pete came out of his trance with a jerk. "Sho' do. Ev'y Jamaica niggah—ev'y 'Merican niggah an' ev'y other kin'. Reckon dey's two o' three thousan' o' diffrunt kin's o' niggahs 'roun' heah wukin' foh the fruit company an' gamblin' an' doin' other things, an' it seem lak I's done got pop'lar wid all o' dem—'specially de troublesome ones. I's often wished dey wuz mo' 'Merican niggahs heah dan whut dey is, but now I's glad dey ain't no mo'. Seem lak dey's de ones I has de mos' trouble wid."

Kid chuckled. "Dem's de ones you gits 'gaged wid, anyhow."

Pete nodded. "Sho' is. An' de trouble is dat dey wuz one 'Merican gal heah dat I liked, an' now she's gone on a

visit over to Guatemala an' by de time she gits back I's gwine be married to some 'oman I don' want, an' be killed by three others whut I ain't married to—an' which I also don' want."

Kid nodded sympathetically. "Meanin' Miss Vexatious Cheeper?"

Pete grunted. "Dat's de one I likes. I jes' 'bout had Sincere Mastow's time beat wid her, too, dhen she ups an' goes over to Guatemala—an' den I goes an' gits mahse'f in dis mess."

There was a slight movement at Pete's elbow and the old man raised his eyes to find Skinny Prince standing there eying the street door like a frightened mule.

"Whut's it, Skinny?" Pete demanded.

Skinny Prince's mouth flew open and words came from it like shots from a machine gun: "One o' dem womens comin' down de street."

Pete jumped to his feet. "Which one?"

Skinny grinned. "Cuby Jarret."

Pete was moving. He was moving toward the back door. "I's gwine slip out de back way," he whispered. "If'n she come in heah you tell her I ain't been in dis wawnin' an' you don' know whuh I is. I's glad 'taint Perline, 'cause she's de wus' one o' de bunch."

THE old man was no more than out the back way and hitting it up at a lively pace down the alley before Cuby Jarret entered the North Pole. But Pete cared not by how small a margin he had escaped—that he had eluded this anxious-to-marry woman was sufficient for the time being.

Swiftly, yet carefully, the old negro made his way by a circuitous route to his little home at the very outer edge of East Tela. Here, calling his dog Bones inside, he fastened the door. He was not going to be caught by surprise. These were the marriengest women around Tela had ever heard of.

If there were only some way by which he could again become a poor man. . . . A man with only his little soft drink stand and pressing club. . . . Then they would leave him alone. Pete knew these women wanted only the money he was soon to possess. None of them had ever given him more than a second look before the deluge of wealth.

For a long time Pete sat there in his little house, one hand resting on faithful Bones' head, staring into space.

Then came a rap at the door. Trouble, of course. A bright thought struck the muchly worried man.

"Pete ain't heah!" he exclaimed. "Dat no 'count niggah is gone out on de plantations."

A hearty laugh was the result. Then came a voice that Pete recognized. "Open dis do', you ol' fool. Who you thinks you's foolin'?"

Pete sighed his relief. Only Kid Scoot. . . . Pete had feared . . .

Kid, however, was not the bearer of glad tidings. Once inside, the door securely fastened again, and Kid resting comfortably in one of Pete's uncertain-legged chairs, his cigarette going good, the big prize fighter proceeded to spill his news.

"Cuby Jarret sho' wuz one mo' mad 'oman when she come in de shop."

Pete stiffened. "Mad 'bout which?"

Kid took a long pull on his cigarette. "'Bout which? Huh! You knows 'bout which! She 'lows you is got yo'se'f 'gaged to too many womens, an' if'n you don' marry her she is gwine sick dat brother o' hers onto you. An' when dat niggah gits stahted I don' wan' to be in de same country wid him."

Kid shook his head. "Of all de bad niggahs in de worl' Col' Steel Jarret is de wustest."

Pete's teeth knocked together when he spoke. "Sho'—sho' is de tru'f, Kid. But whyn't you tell me sumpthin' I don' know?"

Kid Scoot grinned. "Reckon dat'd be had to do. You seems to know mo'n any man I's evah seed befo' in all mah life. I ain't never knowed how to git one wife, an' heah you's gone an' got yo'se'f 'gage' 'bout fo' widout no trouble gittin' 'em a tall. How is it you's sech a hellion wid de womens, nohow?"

Pete sniffed. "You's tawkin' lak a fool. How'd I do it? I ain't done it. Dey done it. Ev'y way I's tuhned lately dah's been a 'oman standin' dah wid marryin' in her haid. If'n I wuz jes' passin' some 'oman's house I'd git a invite to come in an' set down. Us'd be settin' dah tawkin' 'long lak, an' fus' think I'd know she'd be snuggled up to me, an' I'd done said sumthin' foolish, an' den she'd 'low dat we's engage'. I declah to goodness, Kid, I ain't asted nary one o' dem womens to marry me."

Kid shook his head. "Dat may be, but you's gwine have a hard time makin' anybody b'lieve it. I knows it's easy to git 'gage' if'n you's 'roun' a 'oman' whut ain't thinkin' 'bout nothin' 'ceptin' gittin married, 'cause you 'membah I done got dat way mahse'f once since I been heah in Tela. But——"

And Kid grinned. "Long come another man whut she laked better an' I foun' mahse'f unengage'."

Neither man spoke for a few minutes. Kid broke the silence. "Now if'n sumpthin' could happen to you. If'n you didn't have dat money comin' to you——"

Pete snorted. "Sumpthin' gwine hap-

(Continued on Page 16.)

Concluding

A Royal Riddle

By J. C. Kofoed

What the Story Is About

This is a story of the mysterious kidnaping of the little Crown Prince of Molravia from a box at the Opera House in Paris, and the bold exploits of an American adventurer and confidence man in various European cities, known in the circles which he invaded as

AUGUSTUS POTTLE, art collector and man of apparently unlimited means. Fast upon his trail, however, at various times was

NAYLAND BAGBY, U. S. secret service man and chief criminological expert abroad, whose aid and sweetheart was a popular dancing girl, named

JOY HUDSON, appearing nightly in Paris theaters and aiding Bagby in her leisure hours. The incidents recorded in the first part of the story, briefly reviewed, were as follows:

KING PHILLIP of Molravia, with his family and a retinue of servants and officials, the latter headed by General Melnich, chief of staff, visited Paris in quest of pleasure. Little Rupert, the Crown Prince, aged 10, was kidnaped, as has been stated. Bagby learned that Juliette Audebert, whom Pottle introduced as his affianced bride, was really his wife and was assisting Pottle in his huge swindling schemes.

MUGGINS, an ex-London cabby, at this time driving a taxi in Paris, lured Bagby to Juliette Audebert's apartments. There he found her brother, Etienne Audebert, chauffeur for Pottle, fatally wounded by an assassin. His sister believed Bagby to be the renegade Dr. Kitts, whom Muggins was told to bring, and wanted her brother's body dissected after death and secretly disposed of. Bagby, for reasons best known to himself, agreed to return and perform this foul job, and later, while on the trail of the Audebert woman and Augustus Pottle, and incidentally to find and question Muggins, got word that Pottle had been murdered by some unknown person. Meanwhile nothing had been learned of the whereabouts of the missing little Prince, who was still being sought by Bagby, he having been specially engaged for the work by General Melnich, King Phillip's chief of staff.

This story began in No. 12, the Ledger for March 19. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

IV.

THERE was a train leaving the Gare de l'Est for Chateau-Thierry at 1:40. From there the La Velie crossroad could be reached by motor. Due to unseemly haste and a particularly reckless taxi-driver, Bagby and Monsieur Henriot succeeded in getting into a first-class coach just as the train pulled out.

Bagby had taken the chief of the Brigade Mobile into his confidence. They were dealing with people to whom human life meant nothing. If they were not caught soon they might kill the little prince, and speedy capture meant the use of the police net.

There could hardly seem to be any doubt that they were on the right track. Juliette Audebert, Pottle's wife, and the governess, Mardan, were one and the same. Her brother had been fatally wounded, presumably by Pottle, because Juliette had gone to such extraordinary lengths to cover up the crime. It was quite possible that the murder had been committed in a brawl over the kidnaping. At least, that was a logical assumption. Muggins had a place in this mosaic of crime, but Bagby could not fit him into it. If he was an accomplice why had he brought Bagby—whom he knew to be a detective—to the house in the Rue Verte? If he had no guilty part why should he be so mysterious?

A touring car manned by a gendarme and an urbane chauffeur met them at the train, and carried them to the hotel where Pottle had stayed overnight. The owner of the establishment was questioned closely, and had no hesitation in telling all he knew. Pottle had registered under the name of Cole, and his identity had not been disclosed until his body was found at La Velie. He occupied the most expensive suite in the house, and his limousine—a great twelve-cylinder Superspeed—had been placed in the garage under the watchful eye of the chauffeur.

Ah, the chauffeur! What sort of a man was he?

A weazened, surly little fellow, with a nose deeply colored by wine. He appeared to be English, tho he spoke French very well. The description was that of Muggins.

The murdered man had risen in a vile humor on his last day of life, and cursed the chauffeur for being late. They went away by the main road south of Belleau. There had been no woman or child with him. Of that the landlord was certain.

Bagby decided to trace the car from Chateau-Thierry to La Velie instead of going direct to the scene of the murder. After all, the finding of the Crown Prince was the most important thing, and he had a theory in mind that he wanted to test.

It was the easiest thing in the world to trace the crimson limousine. All along the way peasants had stopped their work to see it go by. At Jaulgonne the detective picked up an item of news that seemed to confirm the idea he had conceived. A gendarme was certain that he had seen a woman in the car. His statement was amplified by the keeper of an epicerie, who stated that the woman wore a crimson toque and loose fitting dustcoat. There was no child visible.

"This," explained Bagby, "is the thought I've had in mind. Juliette Audebert probably left Paris, came out to one of these obscure farmhouses, where Prince Rupert was hidden, and then was picked up by Pottle as he passed, somewhere between Chateau-Thierry and Jaulgonne. At least, the theory fits the facts that we already have."

By this time they had arrived at La Velie crossroad. To the right lay the shell of La Croix Rouge Farm, which had once lain within the arc of German fire. Diagonally opposite it was a cemetery. The silver ribbon to the left was the Soisson road.

A gendarme saluted, and assured them that nothing had been touched. The limousine, run into the ditch and tilted back against the rising ground of the cemetery, rested with two wheels in the air. Pottle lay on his face in the road, one arm doubled under him, the other outstretched. He had evidently leaped from the machine, and made a fight for his life, for his knuckles were bruised and bloody, and there were four stab wounds in his chest.

Nanteau, the old caretaker of Croix Rouge Farm, was brought out for an interrogation. He was a wrinkled old man of 70, quite deaf and with puckered eyes. His story, told, in a thin, cracked voice, was brief.

"I was working in the stables, monsieur, and heard nothing—being, as you may have noticed, a bit bad in the ears. It lacked an hour to noon when I drove out in my cart, intending to go to Villers sur Fere to buy some bread and a little tobacco. It was then that I saw this wrecked automobile and the dead man.

"Now, I, Nanteau, am an old soldier, and not afraid of the dead, but I am also cautious. I convinced myself that he was really beyond aid, and then drove as fast as I could to notify the prefect at Villers sur Fere. He sent gendarmes out with me, and that is all I know."

Bagby examined the murdered man's body, and the ground about it with minute care. The road had seen little traffic of late, and, due to the long drought, was hard as iron. There were a number of blurred footprints, and these he photographed. He also picked up a greasy old cap, a beret, such as is worn by Breton fishermen, and the stub of a partly burned cigar.

Then came an examination of the limousine.

There were some American magazines in the car, and several traveling bags, containing the usual miscellany. There were also a number of cigar stumps, and the floor was littered with ashes.

Finally Bagby lifted the cushion of the rear seat, and there he found, jammed in the compartment used for tools, the body of Etienne Audebert!

V.

BAGBY and Monsieur Henriot returned to Chateau-Thierry in time to have the Nancy-Paris express flagged for the American's return trip to the capital. Henriot had decided to remain in Chateau-Thierry. He had formulated a new theory that did not fit in at all with Bagby's ideas, and he wanted to stay in the vicinity in order to prove

(Continued on Page 9.)

AN OLD FAVORITE

A Poem That Has Grown Yellow In Many Scrap Books

One Each Week — Selection No. 15

FOOLS

BY ALFRED TOWNSEND.

The Lord, w'en he made up the people, I think,
  Found fools wuz the easiest made;
He could turn out a dozen ez slick ez a wink,
  An' poot 'em to dry in the shade;
Then he'd monkey away with a bucket uv clay,
  Creatin' a feller 'th brains,
We'n he'd wake to the fact that the work didn't pay,
  An' that fools didn't need any pains.

Now, onct I got stuck on a bog, don't cher know—
  Bought the thing for a cranberry patch—
But doggone my hide, ef the berries 'd grow,
  Tho I planted 'em batch after batch;
Well, one day a durned fool cum a poken along,
  Remarked he wuz lookin' for bogs;
So I sold him the place for a bar of a song—
  He's wealthy from marketin' frogs.

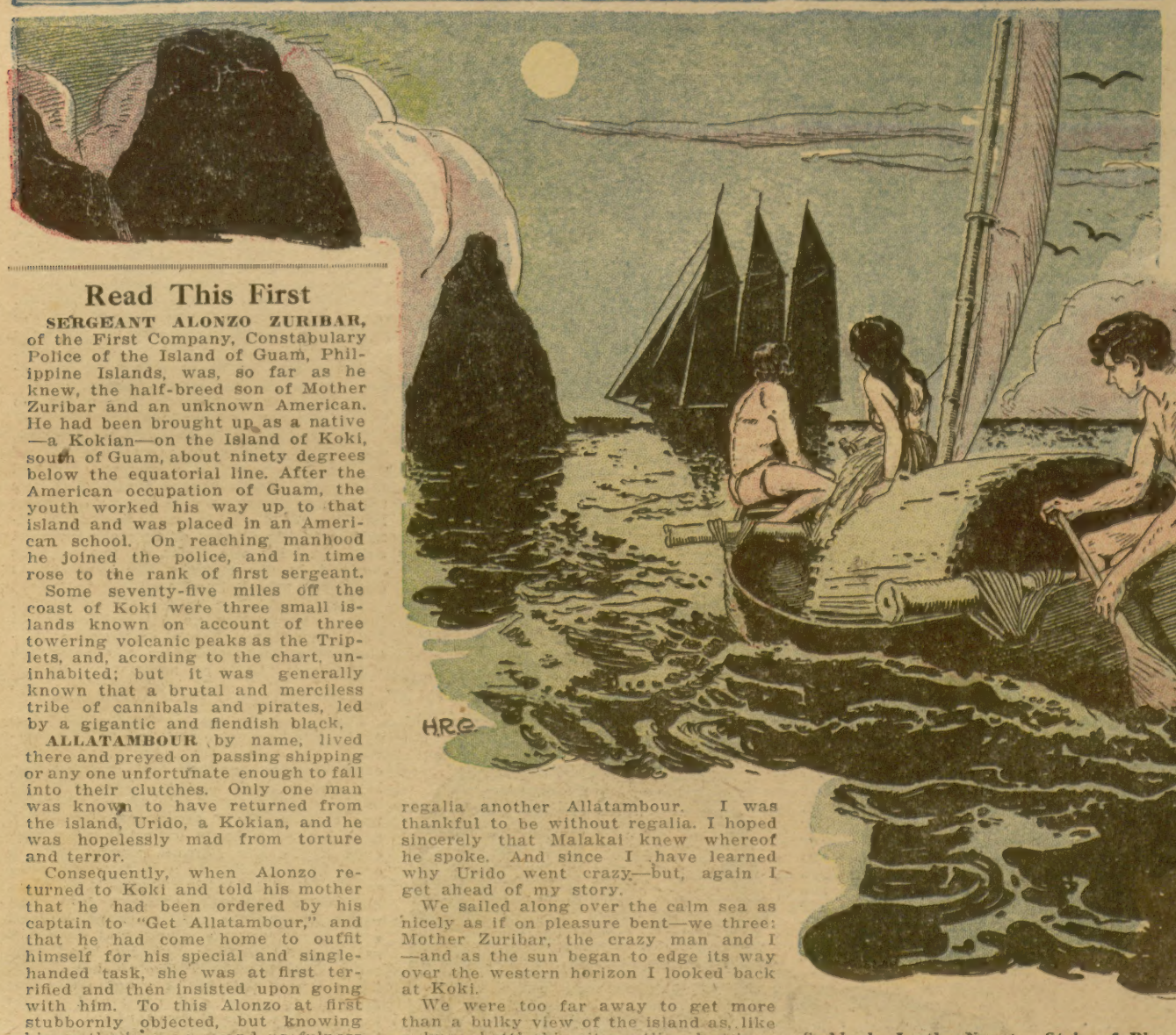
Next I went to a hill, jest ez dry ez a bone;
  Hopt clean to the uther extreme;
W'enever I plowed I could raise plenty stone,
  But all other crops wuz a dream.
Well, one day a durned fool, 'th a hammer in hand,
  Said he wanted the place fur the air,
So I poot down the price, grinned, an' sold him the land—
  He's quarryen marble up there.

Then I moseyed out West, an' I bought up a mine,
  Thet wuz showen a streak uv good ore;
She pinched, and I sez, "She wuz fixed, I opine,"
  So I turned in an' fixed her some more.
Well, w'en a geology book, and a fool,
  Requested that I set a price,
I really felt sorry, he took it so cool—
  He's refused a cool million, jist twice.

So fur twenty years past on this cold, dreary place,
  Th nuthen but timber and lake,
I've froze here, a thinken thet I set the pace—
  Ez big a durned fool ez they make.
So w'en a fool asts me ef I want to sell,
  I know, ef we meet on the price,
They'll run thru the place 'th a railroad to hell,
  An' that fool 'll sell cordwood an' ice!

ALLATAMBOUR

By Joseph Pettee Copp



Suddenly In the Narrow Strip of Blue Sky That Showed Between the Schooner and the Islands I Saw Silhouetted a Dugout Canoe of Immense Proportions. . . . I Wondered If My Introduction to Allatambour Was to Be Soon.

Read This First

SERGEANT ALONZO ZURIBAR, of the First Company, Constabulary Police of the Island of Guam, Philippine Islands, was, so far as he knew, the half-breed son of Mother Zuribar and an unknown American. He had been brought up as a native—a Kokian—on the Island of Koki, south of Guam, about ninety degrees below the equatorial line. After the American occupation of Guam, the youth worked his way up to that island and was placed in an American school. On reaching manhood he joined the police, and in time rose to the rank of first sergeant.

Some seventy-five miles off the coast of Koki were three small islands known on account of three towering volcanic peaks as the Triplets, and, acording to the chart, uninhabited; but it was generally known that a brutal and merciless tribe of cannibals and pirates, led by a gigantic and fiendish black,

ALLATAMBOUR by name, lived there and preyed on passing shipping or any one unfortunate enough to fall into their clutches. Only one man was known to have returned from the island, Urido, a Kokian, and he was hopelessly mad from torture and terror.

Consequently, when Alonzo returned to Koki and told his mother that he had been ordered by his captain to "Get Allatambour," and that he had come home to outfit himself for his special and single-handed task, she was at first terrified and then insisted upon going with him. To this Alonzo at first stubbornly objected, but knowing his mother's courage and usefulness he finally relented and it was so arranged. They started in a prao (large canoe) on the long trip, but were soon overtaken by a swimmer, who proved to be the mad Urido, and who insisted on accompanying them.

This story began in No. 12, the Ledger for March 19. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARIANAS.

WITH the giant Urido firmly seated like a dusky figurehead on the bow of my boat I again set a course for the three mountain peaks in the distance. I had some faith in Malakai's statement: "He's docile enough with us," but more confidence in my heavy bolo, which I kept close at hand.

That bolo surely is a good blade. I helped the blacksmith when he sweat, hammered, and swore at its toughness as he fashioned it for me from a wagon tire—and, there's good metal in it, straight from Spain. It's heavy, but weight has its good points when cleaving tough sea island heads.

Urido seemed satisfied simply to sit as still as a stone image, like one of these carved heathen idols that the traders bring from the south, and look ahead at the distant land. His only sign of life was when the bandlike muscles of his back twitched as if anxious to be active or he uttered a rasping laugh and muttered: "I hear Allatambour howl." Mother Zuribar would shudder and draw further under the mat roofing of the cabin each time she heard him.

As I kept a divided attention between my steering and his broad back I could not but admire the physical strength of him. Whenever he breathed his ribs expanded like a smithy's bellows and the muscles rippled under the brown skin showing well their pliant play. He was a fine specimen of manhood for a friend, but, and I caressed the ebony handle of my bolo lying flat on the deck beside me, I would avoid speaking of religion while with him. For he seemed to think every man in regalia another Allatambour. I was thankful to be without regalia. I hoped sincerely that Malakai knew whereof he spoke. And since I have learned why Urido went crazy—but, again I get ahead of my story.

We sailed along over the calm sea as nicely as if on pleasure bent—we three: Mother Zuribar, the crazy man and I—and as the sun began to edge its way over the western horizon I looked back at Koki.

We were too far away to get more than a bulky view of the island as, like a huge battleship, its outline lay in a purple haze behind us with the ramlike northern end nearest us. Glancing back along the westward shore I hoped to make out the familiar Oroto point, but we had raised other promontories between and only the rugged high lands vanishing in the evening shadows met my eager gaze.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Urido's crazy laugh brought my eyes back to the front. He was looking astern at me and his illusive, beady black eyes seemed to laugh with his voice. I believe he was glad to be leaving the island. As I watched him he let out another of his grating "Ha ha's," and the look in his eyes changed to one of fiendish cruelty as he muttered fiercely the name: "Allatambour." Then his ever furtive glance seemed to wander to something over my left shoulder and what he saw held his attention for so long a time, and as he seemed to be trying to concentrate his scattered wits as if to say something, I waited expectantly. But he finally gave it up, and shaking his head as another jarring burst of mirth came from his lips he turned to his untiring watch ahead.

I looked behind and to the southwest to see what may have attracted him.

On the western horizon the last visible edge of the sun disk seemed poised as if ready to make the dive that would plunge this part of the world in darkness. High in the sky and illuminated by the setting sun, a last charitable act of Old Sol before dropping from sight, was a round, black, menacing cloud speeding across the heavens. Below it, like a curtain hanging to the surface of the sea hiding what might be the commotion behind was a striped pillar of rain. In a moment the storm would be upon us. The sun dropped below the sea level and all was darkness.

I knew these squall clouds from past experiences and jumped to take in sail. All I could do was to drop the gaff and hurriedly lash it and the sail about the free end of the halyard, then spring back to my steering seat, grab my paddle and swing the bow around to meet the tempest blast.

Urido sat immovable in his chosen spot without a word or intent other than to stick tight.

"Get ready for a tumbling about, mother," I called under the straw covering of the cabin. I caught a glimpse of her busily collecting food for supper. The last words were whipped from my mouth by a sudden gust of wind. A wave top splashed me as, torn from the now agitated surface of the ocean, it was hurled thru the air.

The black cloud menace lowered directly overhead. A sobbing sound disturbed the already restless air. Another gust of wind slapped my gear about and started my proa in sternway. Then a roar as volleying rifle shots came to my ears and looking into the darkness ahead I saw a gleaming, threatening streak of white—the glistening teeth of this tropical sea monster, the white squall—and I braced myself for the entrance into the fiend's jaws.

With a crash as if we had gone head-on into a rock, the wave was upon us. The proa stood on end. It seemed that it must go over backward. Howling derisively at my puny efforts to withstand the onslaught the frightful fury of the squall broke full over us. The forceful streams of rain beat directly in my face till I thought I would be blinded.

I clung to my bamboo perch and hoped the boat would not go over. She seemed poised on her stern. The white lather of the first storm wave rushed in about me and ran over the gunwale into the cockpit. Swirling and tossing us about, the maelstrom overpowered my every effort to control the headway of the boat. But she righted. Then the full force of the whirling water swept us in circles till I felt dizzy. Masses of water blown from the sea's surface smashed against the rice mat of my cabin. I thought it surely must be wrecked and washed away.

The giant bamboo mast bent nearly double under the wind's ferocious assault—but it did not break. At the seeming center of the squall the boat was suddenly gripped as if seized upon by violent hands and sent up—up—up—I thought the rising would never cease. As quickly as we started up, we stopped, poised on a giant wave crest. Then we dropped. I felt an empty sensation in my stomach as we lost the support under us and fell.

Splash! Again we floated on water. Such water! Even in the blackness of night the foam flecks contrasted in their brightness. The waves subsided and only little cross-currents met, pushed up miniature spouts, then fell back to send rings ever widening thru the spume. The moon unexpectedly shone forth clear and bright. The light was good, for now I could see about me and the sea was calm. In the distance a rumble came back to me from the receding storm. I sighed in relief. I looked over my boat and it had weathered the storm stanchly. Not a piece of the gear was lost. Only the sail was awry and it hung wet and soggy over the lee gunwale.

DISAPPEARING in the distance toward the northwest was the dim blur of the storm cloud furiously beating its way across the sky, blotting some stars from my sight and violently disturbing the ocean under it. I have always wondered how so small a cloud can raise such a fuss.

Under the cabin cover Mother Zuribar was picking herself up from the confused pile of bedding and supper, still holding her beads; she had prayed.

But what surprised me most upon looking ahead was to see Urido sitting as complacently and unruffled as before the storm on his insecure perch as if nothing had happened. I wondered how he had clung so persistently—and when I went forward to again set sail I saw that he had both feet locked under the bow of the canoe as some men would under the belly of a horse.

The idea of this husky man astride my boat as if riding an unruly horse amused me and I laughed. Urido turned and looked up at me. Brine which had splashed over him during the short squall dripped from his chin. He smiled, and as his lips parted in the good-natured grin strong white teeth shone tightly clinched beneath.

This was the first real close view I had taken of the poor maniac. Little indelible lines of suffering encircled the eyes and wrinkled his brow. Whenever his mouth closed his teeth immediately clinched in the manner of a man gritting them to better withstand pain. With these apparent signs before me I felt that he must have been subjected to some horrible physical torture just before he lost his mind. But there was no cringing attitude about him ever; he was all aggression when the obsession of his broken reason, Allatambour, whom he very certainly thought was the cause of his suffering, was uppermost—which was most of the time.

With sail again set and as I once more seated myself at the steering paddle I looked away to the northeast in the path of the storm. It was with difficulty that I made it out, the distance was so great. The moon and stars shone from such a clear sky that it seemed almost as if the squall must have been a bad dream, but one small portion of the dark vault above was darker than the rest and appeared as if some baleful breath had blown that way, extinguishing the usual group of stars that ordinarily would be shining there. I knew that this black void was the storm cloud, and as I watched the horizon below, looking slightly above it, which seemed more effective at night when tossing swells blend so confusingly with the sky, I thought I saw a light flicker.

The distance was great. There was no land near enough to see in this direction. It might be a star. I looked again. All was darkness. I turned

away a minute, then on again looking I thought I saw another flash, then out. I rubbed my eyes. Again the flash, as if it were a light on a rolling ship.

"Is that a light?" I called to Urido.

"Huh!" he grunted, then, "Ha, ha, ha—it's a howl from Allatamour!" he said.

Mother Zuribar came from the cabin at the sound of my voice and tried to see.

"There it shines!" I exclaimed. But she had not seen it.

"Again!" I cried.

"I saw it!" she answered this time. We watched together. The light came and went as a will-o'-the-wisp.

"It's a ship steering a similar course to us and just in the tail of the storm," I finally concluded, and Mother Zuribar agreed with me.

"I wonder how she weathered the squall?" I said my thought aloud.

"Let's hope as fortunately as we," Mother Zuribar made answer. "But she's on a bad course for future welfare," she added.

"Why so?" I asked.

"If she's steering as we are for the Triplets—Heaven help her!" she said emphatically.

"But why do you feel so sure of the evil tales about the Triplets?" I asked, wondering at her assurance.

"I have reason!" was the only answer she would make and I had to content myself with it.

The vessel must have been a good sailer, for she kept well at a distance, and the only reason I had for believing that we were overhauling her was that soon the light shone steadily to my view and did not drop behind intervening waves.

Then Mother Zuribar came from the cabin again with my evening meal in a half cocoanut shell and also another portion for Urido. She started forward. She stopped a pace away from me, shuddered and returned.

"You take it," she said, handing me Urido's supper.

"Who'll steer?" I asked.

"I will," she said quietly, announcing it as if she were familiar with steering and accustomed to do it. And I never remembered having seen her wield a paddle in my life.

Surprised, I made way for her. And she seated herself as an old hand at the helm. A wayward gust of wind would have turned us sharply from our course, but she deftly forestalled it by a wide sweep of the wooden blade. I went forward marveling and wondering when she had learned the trick. Maybe, I thought, I will really know Mother Zuribar after this trip as I have never known her in my twenty-four years of life.

Urido eagerly accepted the dish I proffered him and ravenously devoured the heaped-up baked yams, skins and all; then six bananas rapidly followed them down.

"Water?" he asked.

I went aft and tilting the beaker filled his cocoanut bowl full. Returning the dish to me he sighed contentedly and again took up his vigil. He had eaten, but seemingly more as a habit—and a task to be gotten over with quickly—but he had been hungry for all that.

Letting Mother Zuribar retain the steering paddle, I slowly ate and watched her. She seemed to be thinking of something in the past. Part of the time a strained look, as of responsibility leaning heavily upon her, would show in her face, then a softer light illuminated it, as, a couple of times she would bend forward and glance down into the cockpit of the canoe as if expecting to see some loved object lying there. She saw me watching her on one of these occasions and it spoiled my entertainment, for she became confused and after that seriously applied herself to the present.

"What were you looking for in the canoe?" I asked in an offhand way to try and catch her unguarded. I felt this was another chapter of that past of hers unfolding—and I was curious.

"You!" she said archly, smiling at me, and I felt my wits were no equal to hers.

She steered for an hour or so, then I took the helm that she might lie down and rest.

ALONG about midnight I caught myself nodding and it was with great effort that I stayed awake. I tried to keep my eyes on the light ahead and it would seemingly begin performing gymnastics for my benefit, then I would come to with a jerk and realize that a steady stare at it was worse than not looking—it seemed to hypnotize me into a sleep.

For the next few hours I believe I must have catnapped, for of a sudden I awoke with a start and a feeling of something wrong. I quickly gazed around and close at hand saw nothing to disturb me. Urido sat forward as before and he was muttering an unintelligible jargon in a sort of chant, and Mother Zuribar slept in the canoe at my feet. The sea was calm. The moon was just above the edge of the horizon—nearly set.

Then looking forward past Urido's still erect back I saw the stern-light of the vessel we had been following only a couple of miles off. The dark hull of her showed quite clearly in the waning moonlight. She was a three-masted schooner and traveling under full sail.

Beyond her to the left and remarkably close rose the three lofty peaks of the Triplets. While I had dozed we had made good progress. Just a faint streak of sky showed between the island's shadow and the ship.

But the uneasy feeling yet clung to me and I was very wide awake. My nerves seemed keyed to some climax and I knew not what caused it.

Then I thought I saw a moving shadow low down and against the black background of the mountains. I could not be sure for it was very dark looking toward the shore, but I watched. Again I thought I saw something move.

Suddenly in the narrow strip of blue sky that showed between the schooner and the islands I saw silhouetted a dugout canoe of immense proportions. Just for an instant the black shadow was visible to me, but in that short time I could see that the boat must be capable of carrying thirty or more men. Another canoe passed the light streak—another and yet another. Four—all told, without lights and traveling toward a position ahead of the schooner. The paddles were skilfully handled and from the elevation of a ship's deck the boats would be invisible.

The moon dropped below the horizon and all was darkness. I wondered if my introduction to Allatambour was to be soon. If these canoes of natives were Allatambour's what would be their intent? Report held that these men were cannibals and pirates.

I dug my paddle deep into the water and bent every muscle to the work.

Urido sat stolid—apparently unconscious of the proximity of his hated enemy.

I applied every trick I knew to gain speed.

I would warn this ship if possible, for only the moon and I had seen what was going on and the moon had hidden its face.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PATIENCE STANDISH.

AS I FORCED my proa thru the water under sail and paddle I kept a sharp lookout ahead. Of a sudden when we had reached a point about a mile distant from the endangered schooner I felt a slackening in the boat's speed. She moved more sluggishly. Forcing every ounce of energy I could muster into my paddling I could not seem to overcome this dragging sensation. Then a light flapping of the sail against the mast at each forward shove of my oar caused me to look up and the reason for the slackening of our speed was apparent. We were becalmed. The Triplets were between us and the needed breeze and I despaired of covering the distance necessary for us to give a timely warning to the threatened ship.

Then, as I dug deeper into the water with the wooden blade and tried to add another little bit to each stroke, lights flared from around the schooner. They were seemingly smoking pitch brands on the bows of the four canoes which, strategetically placed, rushed to the attack of the unsuspecting crew of the peaceful merchantman from four directions—one to each bow and one to each quarter.

Cries came to our ears. Fearful, fierce, challenging war yells of the pirates and startled, excited voices of the sailors.

In the uncertain light of the flares I saw shadowy shapes pour over the ship's rail. Then came agonizing screams of men in mortal pain. I prayed for wind and strength to help me speed to the ill-fated craft.

When we were about a half-mile distant I could see the fighting on her deck. Forward a small group of men with their backs to the captain were struggling for their lives against overwhelming odds. The fracas was lively, hand to throat and to the death. Aft to the taffrail another small knot of men were holding a fiercely yelling mob of pirates at bay. From these men on the poop came pistol shots. They were very likely officers and had a little advantage with their firearms. But they also had a disadvantage behind them, for as they were gradually being crowded aft, they were likely to be more exposed in the light shining up and astern from the crowded cabin hatch. I wondered why some one did not douse it. Then I considered how busy they all were.

All fought quietly, desperately. Apparently they realized the absolute certainty of defeat and had made up their minds to die fighting—and to take as many of the fiendish blacks as they could with them to the great beyond, for they fought with the cool, systematic method of men resigned to their fate. They preferred certain death to slow torture at the hands of these cannibals.

It was not until then that the noise became sufficiently loud to awaken Mother Zuribar and she crawled from under the canoe canopy to see what was the excitement. She sat down beside me.

"What's the noise?" she asked.

I simply pointed ahead. I was saving my breath and paddling hard.

She looked and I could feel her tremble as she saw what was going on.

"Captain, Our Ammunition Is All Gone, What Shall We Do?" He Was Young, and the Tragedy of the Situation Made His Voice Quiver.

"But why go nearer?" she asked.

"Would you have me stay away and watch white men be slaughtered without lifting a hand?" I asked impatiently.

"No," she said hesitatingly. And she edged closer to me.

We were within a quarter of a mile of the battle when I saw a little scene being enacted apart from the battling officers on the poop. In the glare of the cabin light, aft by the taffrail, stood a woman. Plainly I could see her silhouetted outline. She was of medium height, slender, young, in her night clothes and about her shoulders her hair hung loose. It was so light in color that it blended into the yellow oil lamplight as a halo of gold.

A white-haired man, hatless and dressed only in undershirt and trousers, as if suddenly roused from his bunk, stood beside the girl. He seemed to urge her to jump over the side.

She resisted him and motioned him to return to the aid of the other men.

He did as she bid. Then the girl crouched by the rail and watched. She did not cover her eyes nor did she wring her hands. She seemed calmly facing the inevitable with a bravery I had never before believed a woman capable of.

I marveled at her fortitude and paddled the harder.

At a distance of a hundred yards I used every trick known to me to make my approach noiseless—for just forward of each quarter ominously grim in the black shadow lay a pirate war canoe with flaming torches lighting the scene from their bows. Two of the cannibals stood in each. They were the boat tenders. I feathered my paddle and made my strokes steady, deftly and surely.

My aim was to come up directly under the stern, relying upon the cannibal boat tender's interest in the fight and hubbub on the deck to cover my approach. When under the schooner's counter I intended attracting the girl's attention, cause a quick surprise retreat by the ship's officers, pick them up in my boat and depend on the lightness of my craft and speedier build to allow of an escape from Allatambour's fiends.

My close position made it easy for me to see the schooner's deck.

The natives were directed by a giant, who, dressed in a massive headgear of pure white, which I afterward learned was made of the breast feathers of the albatross, stood on a hatch in the very middle of the ship and barked commands to his hordes of fighters forward and aft. By the light of the torches secured in the rigging the combatants could see which head to hit.

Mother Zuribar saw this chieftain, later I knew him as Allatambour, and I felt her start; then she uttered an exclamation and grabbing my arm she whispered: "Let's go away from here!"

"Not yet," I said, watching the girl on the after-deck.

Upon looking up I saw that the fo'c's'le hands were reduced to two stalwart white men who, back to back, each with a seasoned oak capstan bar, lay about them lustily. The piled up bodies around them told of the effective use they made of these weapons. But as I looked a burly cannibal who towered above his fellows, armed with a cruel bolo, similar to a Malay kris, only much heavier, taking advantage of a comrade's suicidal attempt to rush under one of the capstan bars, jumped over the prostrate black and before a sailor could recover cleft his head wide with one terrific blow of his blade. Then I saw this black giant withdraw from the fracas and go stand beside the chief, whose bodyguard he seemed to be. The sword he carried was different from any I had ever seen and I was to see it again.

With no rear support the life of the other white man was but short. They died like real men.

AFT, the officers had retreated to a place where they were exposed not only to the light of the torches of pitch which the cannibals kept going, but to their own cabin lamp. And the cowled hatch was their only breastwork.

Not ten feet of clearway lay between them and the girl.

Again the white-haired man ran to her, and I was so close I could hear their words above the din of the fight. The old man spoke.

"For God's sake go, Patience, before these black devils do for us."

"No, father—if I must die I want to die with you!" she answered quietly.

"Girl—girl—it is only the death for us—but for you—— Oh, my God, what wouldn't these fiends do? Go—far better drown. Go, dear girl, I would die easier knowing you were not to fall in their hands!" and he tried to push her over the rail.

Still she resisted. One of the other men came quickly up and spoke to the elder man.

"Captain, our ammunition is all gone, what shall we do?" He was young and the tragedy of the situation made his voice quiver.

"Go back and give 'em hell with the butt of your revolver as long as you can wield it," the old man roared.

The youngster went as bid—and he never saw the light of another day's sun; he died doing as his captain told him, and I know he did it well, for I saw the effects later on the heads and faces of some of the attacking party.

Then the captain turned to his daughter.

"You heard?" was all he said.

"Yes, father, and if it will really make it easier for you I'll go!"

"Bless you, girl—good-by!"

After a quick hug she climbed the taffrail, gave one backward glance over the ship, calling: "Good-by," and with a catch in her voice as she said it, she turned without hesitation, without a falter, and plunged directly over the stern. She was not afraid to die.

Immediately came a hoarse cry from the leader of the pirates and jumping from his perch he quickly shouted more

(Continued on Page 19.)

A Royal Riddle

(Continued From Page 6)

them. In short, he believed that the terrorists were the abductors of Crown Prince Rupert, and the murders of Pottle and Etienne Audebert had absolutely no connection with it.

"If it is true," protested Bagby, "how do you explain the presence of Pottle's wife in the king's entourage? It is conceivable that these murders might have occurred by chance at the same time as the abduction. It is inconceivable that Juliette Audebert-Mardan-Pottle should have secured the position as the Prince's governess by anything less than excellent strategy. And for what other purpose than abduction?"

Henriot lit a cigarette. "You have seen our Criminal Record Files, Dactyloscopic Bureaux, Photographic Files and all the rest of the paraphernalia of identification. We have just as good records of the terroritsts as we have of housebreakers and murderers—not merely French, but of every country. Terrorism, like crime, is an industry, an art, with established customs and recognized technique——"

"Granted, but what makes you think the terrorists are mixed up in this? It doesn't show any of their handiwork."

"Perhaps not. But I recognized old Nanteau as one who has been in hiding these ten years past! He had his training under the old Nihilists in Russia. Would you call it a coincidence that he happened to be there?"

"Certainly it is not a coincidence. However, if he is part of the kidnaping band it is a thousand times more likely that he was working for Pottle than that Pottle was working for the terrorists. The latter supposition is untenable. He never did a thing for any one but himself. However, I have no desire to influence you in any way. We can work out our own solutions in entire amity."

Bagby hoped that Joy could divulge some information that would help him. He had a tremendous faith in her intelligence, for in the year that she had assisted him she had proven a dozen times what a wonder-worker she was. If—as some experts have said—the ideal detective is lacking in the softer passions, Nayland Bagby was not the flawless machine his compatriots thought him to be. He loved Joy Hudson with all his heart and soul.

On reaching Paris he telephoned her apartment, and learned that she had not returned. It did not worry him, for, with her dancing and the work she was doing for him, there was little time for the girl to spend at home.

All the evidence found at the scene of the murder had been sent to the headquarters of the Brigade Mobile in charge of a trusted officer. It consisted of the traveling bags, the cap, cigar stubs and the photographs of footprints. The bodies of Augustus Pottle and Etienne Audebert were also being forwarded there for examination. Henriot had given the American permission to go over it all at his leisure.

It was raining heavily when the American arose the next morning. A leaden sky brooded over the earth as tho striving to whisper that something terrible was about to happen. Bagby kept a car in a near-by garage, tho he seldom used it. With his ill-fitting clothes hidden by a belted raincoat, and his tousled hair covered by a rough tweed cap, he looked more the part of a keen hunter of men than ever before.

His first objective was Joy's apartment, for this was the one time of the day when he could feel almost sure of catching her in. Unfortunately, she was not there, but the concierge handed him a note, which she said Joy had left with her before departing. It read:

> Dear Nyland: I have gone to the Chateau de Marmont with Mademoiselle Audebert. I am sure she does not suspect that I am in the Service, for she came to me this morning—frightfully nervous and upset—and asked me to go with her to follow a clew that might lead to the clearing up of Mr. Pottle's death. She knows no one else in Paris, and it was quite reasonable that she should come to me. However, I want you to come there immediately. JOY.

The Chateau de Marmont was in the outskirts, beyond Saint Ouen. It was off the main arteries of travel, and, certainly, an excellent place for the doing of dark deeds. Bagby's heart went cold in his breast. His little partner had been trapped by a woman who would hesitate at nothing. Of course, she suspected Joy Hudson, and, with Juliette Audebert, to suspect was to act. There was not a moment to lose.

Bagby ran into the street and leaped into his car. It was a Mercedes roadster, capable of doing ninety miles an hour, and the man at the wheel was not afraid of pushing it to the limit. Luckily there was little traffic, for he stormed up the avenue at fifty, increasing his momentum with the flying miles, while the speedometer crawled up to sixty, seventy, eighty-five. Twice he came within an ace of piling the big machine up in a ghastly heap in avoiding frightened peasants in their two-wheeled market carts. Once, in taking a corner, his rear wheels slid on the greasy asphalt, and barely caught before crashing into the sidewalk.

The detective did not bother about danger to himself. He could imagine what chance Joy would have with the beautiful, cold-blooded woman who had made that frightful proposition to him in the house on the Rue Verte. He must get there soon. Faster . . . faster . . .

He reached the Chateau de Marmont in an incredibly brief time. Leaving his machine in the road, he climbed the twisty, inclined path, and stopped at a break in the hedge to stare across the unkempt lawn at the dingy house. It had been gay and graceful in its day, which was long since gone. The walls were of an indeterminable color, and seared with the passage of time. A general air of decrepit old age hung about the place. The earth and trees and house were soaked almost black with the continuous downpour of rain. A few poppies still held up their bright heads, but added nothing of gayety, for Bagby naturally thought of the old legend that poppies grow best where dead men lie.

The place appeared deserted. Bagby brushed thru the hedge, and crept gingerly across the sodden, weed-filled lawn. He reached the side of the house, flattened himself against the wall, and made the porch. The door stood partly open, depending for support on one rusty hinge. Bagby walked in.

The hall was dark and smelled musty. Walking lightly on his rubber-shod feet, he crossed it, and peered cautiously into the great, high-ceilinged drawing-room. Standing by the window—still wearing their raincoats and hats—were Joy and Juliette Audebert.

Here, within reach of him was the only person—now that Pottle was dead—who knew where the Crown Prince Rupert was hidden; here, almost at his finger-tips. He stepped across the lintel. Some one slipped out of the room behind him, and dexterously passed a silk handkerchief across his throat. It jerked him backward, coughing and strangling. Quick as lightning two other men appeared on either side of him. Bagby, off balance, fell on top of one of them, and his fists played a momentary tattoo on the fellow's face.

The desperate struggle was brief as it was useless. The garroter did not release his grip, and the coup de Pere Francois soon choked Bagby into the black void of unconsciousness.

VI.

WHEN the detective opened his eyes his throat felt swollen to the size of a football. He had a splitting headache, and his back and arms were bruised. He twisted around to get a clearer view of his prison—and stiffened into the immobility of horror.

There was a wicker clothes hamper in the corner of the room, say fifteen or eighteen feet from where Bagby lay. It had no covering, and from it protruded a swaying, rubber-like object with a flat, wicked head. It was a diamond rattlesnake.

Bagby cast a rapid glance at the door. It was a massive affair of Norman oak, doubtless heavily barred and padlocked, and with an armed guard sitting somewhere between it and possible rescue. He looked at the window, a latticework affair of the seventeenth century. The upper branches of the big poplars brushed against it, so he was certainly a good fifty feet from the ground. With his arms and legs bound so tightly that he could not make a single move to protect himself and all means of escape or rescue cut off, his position was certainly a precarious one.

The big reptile unfolded its length over the basket edge and swished along the floor. Bagby's face was gray, but he kept his lips in a tight line. He shut his eyes, but he could not stop his ears to the brush-brush of the snake's body on the wood. That the woman who had doomed him to this frightful death was doing it because he was close on her trail was not to be doubted. As for the men, they were probably the same ones who had fired at him when he left Ostend for Paris. If he wiggled out of this alive he would remember it. But what of Joy Hudson?

He heard the gentle sliding sound closer to his head, and, in spite of his iron nerve winced away from it. Then he heard Joy Hudson's voice:

"Nayland! Nayland!"

For a moment he thought that the horror of the situation had made him lightheaded. He opened his eyes. The room was absolutely empty save for the rattler that had coiled itself a yard or so from him!

"Nayland," came the tense whisper again, "for God's sake don't move!"

His eyes flashed to the window, and he saw Joy Hudson perched in the rain-soaked foliage of the poplar tree. She was balanced on a limb that almost brushed the window. One slim hand rested on the ledge to steady her. The other held a pistol. Bagby at once observed that the weapon was one equipped with a silencer.

Suddenly there was a spurt of flame and the big snake shuddered down in an oily, quivering heap. With a short steel bar Joy pried loose the window casement, raised it and crawled thru. It was only a matter of a moment to cut Bagby's bonds. Neither wasted any time then. There were probably guards in the house, and it would be anything but pleasant to be trapped. So they left the Chateau de Marmont by way of the window and the convenient poplar. Five minutes later they were in Bagby's roadster, headed in the direction of Paris.

Then it was that Joy Hudson went suddenly weak and nerveless. She lay back against the yellow cushions, her blond hair tumbling about her colorless face. Bagby, eyes fixed on the road ahead, drove steadily. He did not say a word until the girl had regained entire control of herself. Then he thanked her gravely for what she had done.

"It was nothing," she said.

"On the contrary, it was the bravest thing I ever heard of—the bravest and coolest."

"Do you think so?"

"I do. But Joy, how did you manage to get away?"

"I don't know—I really don't know, Nayland. They seemed to forget me momentarily, and I ran away, and hid in the chapel at the lower end of the garden. While you were fighting them Juliette told me quite coolly what they were going to do to you, so there was no choice for me to do anything but what I did."

Bagby reached across, and squeezed her hand.

"God pity the little Prince if he is in her hands," he muttered. "We must save him—quickly."

When they reached Saint Ouen, Bagby telephoned to Henriot, informing him that Mademoiselle Audebert had left the Chateau de Marmont half an hour before, going east in a blue De Berry-Paquin car. The Chief of the Brigade Mobile promised that her apprehension was merely a question of a few hours, but the American did not take that statement at its face value. He had heard other confident bureau heads talk that way before, and had seen them outwitted by clever crooks.

"There is one more thing, Monsieur Bagby," added Henriot, as tho it were merely an inconsequential afterthought. "You could never guess who came strolling into my office just a short time ago——strolling with a most debonair manner, and asking for you—— You could never guess."

"Well," asked Bagby crisply, "Who was it?"

"Muggins."

VII.

THE detective dropped Joy at her apartment, with a promise to return as soon as he could. She was quiet, almost to the point of moodiness. When they parted, her slim fingers tightened over his. Her tawny eyes grew a little misty, and her long lashes swept down to hide them.

Suddenly he drew her into his arms. "If it wasn't that we just have to get the little Prince back to his daddy I'd drop this whole bally thing, and take you away with me, if—if—you'd come, Joy——"

"I would come——"

After all, our concern is only with the criminological problem presented Mr. Nayland Bagby by the disappearance of the Crown Prince Rupert, and not with those affairs of the heart at which competent police officials scoff. It is enough to say that when Bagby left he wore in his eyes the light that is neither of land or sea. He went at once to the office of the Brigade Mobile, but with a secret determination to be barbered, and dressed by the snappiest people on the Rue de Rivoli. From a grub he intended blossoming into a butterfly. All that would come later.

Muggins was scrunched down in a chair under the watchful eyes of a ferociously mustached gendarme. He wheezed and shuffled his feet and rubbed his bulbous nose with a rather shaky hand. When Bagby came in he uttered a welcoming little cry.

"You tell 'em I h'aint no crook, Mister Bagby, sir. They clapped their bloomin' nippers onto me when I came 'ere h'inquirin' for you. That's no bloody way to treat han 'onest man."

Bagby sniffed. "You'll be lucky if Madame Guillotine doesn't get you. There are two murders and an abduction to be explained—and you can explain them."

"'Pon my soul——"

"Don't lie. Didn't you come to me at the Gare du Nord, wheezing about the Crown Prince, and something that would interest me? Didn't you take me to 47 Rue Verte, where Juliette Audebert offered me twenty-five thousand francs if I would dissect the body of her murdered brother so that it could be carried away? She told me that you had gone for Doctor Kitts, a renegade English physician. Instead, you brought me. That is a point in your favor, but you

(Continued on Page 17.)

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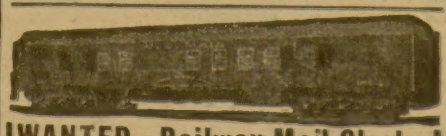

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"Can't You Tell a Girl, Doef Ain't He Ever Coming To Again?"

Ever Ever Green

By Fannie Hurst

FARMERS' wives at the close of a voiceless day have been known to turn stark mad. Siberia, where men learn to become enamored of death, is a land of strange silences. Where the desert is stillest men's bones lie bleaching. Prairie dogs bay loudest in that soundless moment before the dawn, and as if they would rend to ribbons the mysterious veil of silence. But the prairie has no secrets; it is like an open hand, palm upward.

Across the great upturned palm of Illinois, dusk fell sadly over miles and miles of close-bitten prairie lands and runty cornfields that met the gray horizon with the fluid, easy joinder of a river meeting the sea. A last tinge of sunset, pink behind a regiment of black-stemmed trees, cooled and died. An arrow-shaped flock of swallows flew low and southward. Alongside an isolated watering station the Interstate Accommodation slowed, shrieked on its rails, stopped.

Miss Lola Laladay protruded a shining head out of a coach window and sniffed to the evening. Her eyes were full of restless glancings and hard as sunlight on bayonets.

"Listen, Al, to the stillness out there, will you! Ugh, it's so thick you can cut it."

Her companion on the rep plush seat beside her unwound his long, agile limbs and leaned across her slim figure and out into the moody evening and the plains sweeping away to the horizon.

"Looka them birds, will you, Lo—scooting south like an arrow shot out of a bow. Gee!"

He followed their course, his eyes level beneath level brows.

"If this is the Great Middle West, Al, that you been labeling God's country all along the circuit, give me a ninety-nine-year lease on Satan Island or Bronx Boulevard everytime. Gee, riding five hours straight and not even an anthill to muss the scenery! Don't shove, Al. Don't shove!"

He withdrew his heavy head and shoulders and slumped back to his position, feet perched on his dress suitcase and knees high.

The peculiar quiescence of rapid motion suddenly arrested descended over the coach voices monotonous as the droning of bees rose languidly. The noises of travel that lay beneath the song of the rails sprang out suddenly: Paper rattling, leather handbags that squeaked in the opening and closing, the very mysterious creakings of woodwork, the engine coughing at even intervals. Miss Lalady's brilliant head lolled back against the red plush inert. She fanned her moist little face with a lacy fribble of handkerchief.

"Whew! God's country he calls this!"

"Say, a little kid like you that's never been west of Trenton don't know enough about the map to find her own home town if it's got a pin stuck thru it. Wait till you been doing coast to coast long as I have. If you think this is a tank circuit we're playing, wait till we get on the wrong side of Kansas City!"

"Say, they don't come no dinkier than the last four we played."

He leaned to her and placed a large muscular hand over hers. In the shadow of his overpowering shoulders her own slenderness was wispish.

"You're all wrong, Lo. There's little tanks in this part of the country, with flower-beds set out around the station and Main street paved, and white frame houses set inside of white picket fences, and shady streets with trees meeting right over them and—well, I tell you there's tanks out here that makes Forty-Second street look like a bad dream."

She crumpled up against the window-sill, her chin cupped in her palm.

"Like the dump we played in last night, eh? Where the white frames was all shacks and the hotel up over the grocery store makes the Briggs House in Newark look like the Ritz."

"Higginsville is a rotten dump, Lo. You don't find it on any of the vaudeville circuits, but leave it to extravaganza every time not to overlook a dump. But take tonight's stand, tho; there just ain't a prettier little town on the map than Adalai, Lo."

She squinted her little face into an amazing grimace.

"Adalai'"

"Yeh! I know a young fellow, Ben Collings, started there an errand boy in a box factory and now owns half the town; two box factories of his own, the opera house, half of Main street and nearly every cottage on the hill. Say, I'd brush the Broadway lint off my coat tomorrow to settle down in a pretty little tank like that. I've told you often enough my feelings on the small town stuff, Lo."

"Adlai! Lordy, I says to Lee when I read it on the route list, I says, 'What is that, Lee; another tank or a new breakfast food?'"

"It's a great little town, Lo. I been there three times and lived once for two weeks right with Ben Collings in his own swell house. He'd gimme his shirt if I asked him, that's what he thinks of me. Only met him on a train once, too. He's seen some of my wood carvings and he'd gimme a job right in one or his box factories doing the high-class handwork any day in the week I wanted. That's the kind of friends we are."

She pressed her finger-tips to her lips, then blew at them lightly as if she would waft him a rose petal.

"Rave on, Al. Rave on!"

He leaned to her with an entire flattening of tone. "You're the only thing in the world that I can rave about, Lo; you and your tantalizing ways. Ever since I ran away from an orphan asylum in Utica to join a show, I've had a picture of a little girl like you hung on my heart. I can't see this or any other country, hon, without you the biggest part of the scenery. You're the only thing I ever had time to rave about in my life, Lo."

She threw him a smile that was full of quirks.

"Me and the meadows! The meadows you're always piping about. Look at 'em out there! Listen to the grass growing!"

THE train jolted, jerked, moved forward.

A porter passed down the swaying aisle, lighting lamps. A gassy, turbid glare filled the coach, shutting out the darkening landscape, and the windows suddenly reflected the murky interior.

"You—you sweet little kid, you. You sweet little, soft little kitten."

She collapsed in an attitude of mock prostration against his shoulder, her cheek, the quality of thick, cream-colored velvet, crushed against the grain of his coat.

"How that boy loves me!"

He withdrew sharply.

"Always kidding! Ain't you nothing but a doll; ain't you got nothing but sawdust inside of you? Ain't you got no feelings, no nothing, no heart?"

"Feel it beating, way down in my wrist."

"Can't you learn that life ain't just one long ha, ha? Can't you learn that when a fellow's been eating out his heart and soul and vitals the whole six months he's been playing in the show with you, that it ain't no laughing matter? Can't you learn that, girl?"

She retreated pouting to her corner, her richly curved lips quivering.

"You can't talk to me like that! I

know what's eating you. You're sore about last night. But you can't talk to me like that!"

He leaned to her in immediate contrition.

"Lo, I didn't mean it, only sometimes with your cutting up like you didn't care, you drive me crazy, that's all. I ain't said nothing to you about last night, have I? Ain't I been keeping it inside of me? Only sometimes you drive me crazy!"

"Leggo my wrists."

"I tell you when I see you cutting up from the swing with him down there in the wings and nearly forgetting to hurl the bar to me, I get to seeing things so black that—that it's a wonder I don't miss the bar and break my neck—break my neck."

"Leggo my wrists."

"You got me started on last night; I never started it; I was keeping it boiling inside of me."

"Leggo my wrists."

"I tell you it makes a crazy man out of me to see you cutting up with him. I see black. I see black, I tell you! I get dizzy with blackness."

Where the length of his arm rested against hers she could feel the contraction of his great whipcord muscles, but her eyes when she turned toward him were banked with the red coals of scorn.

"Gee, the way you keep raving for fear I won't swing that bar straight! Don't be afraid, little boy. I been getting it to you somehow for a couple of hundred performances, ain't I? Don't be scared, Al; I'll take care of you."

A slow red spread to his ears and down into his collar, but his voice remained carefully below the rumble of the train.

"You wouldn't dare talk that way to me, Lo, if it was me instead of your friend who was directing the show. You know pretty well you gotta be as careful each time you swing that bar out to me as if you'd never done it before. You don't want me to land with a broken back, do you?"

"I told you I'd take care of you, little boy."

"You can't tantalize me that way! You know that ain't what's eating me. I wasn't with Reno's Star Acrobat Act for four years to be bluffed off by a little extravaganza specialty act that—that I could do in my sleep."

"Well, if you ain't scared you holler enough."

"I didn't open Rigley's vaudeville bill with a solo trapeze act for two years not to learn how to grab a bar that's swung out to me by a girl that's too busy flirting with the stage director down in the wings to watch out what she's doing."

"It didn't even swerve half an inch last night; you said so yourself."

"Lordy, the nerve of a little kid like you! Afraid, am I! Say, I was an expert acrobat already when I was turning somersaults in the orphan asylum's backyard and you was making fake flowers in a Twenty-Third street loft. Me, afraid of a bar act! I could do that turn in my sleep if I got the right kind of a feeder!"

SHE burrowed into her handkerchief, her little travel-stained figure hunched and abject.

"I wish I was dead."

"Aw, now, Lo, darling, I——"

"It just seems like nothing I do—don't suit nobody."

"Lo, darling, just to show you how you suit me, let's do what I been begging you to. Let's quit! Then we won't have nobody to suit but ourselves. Let's you and me quit, that's how much I think of you. That's how much you suit me. Let's quit!"

"Quit!"

"Yeh, quit! Let's jump. Lee can't hold us after the way he faked the circuit on this show. You say the word, Lo, and we'll do it right here in Adalai. With the sixteen hundred I got saved, Lo, my friend Ben Collings'll set us up in anything from a ice-cream parlor to the box business. He's a big gun there; alderman an' everything but mayor. He's offered to set me up, Lo, every time I've played the town. Gee, Lo, last year he was putting up some little red-roofed cottages near the station. I bet they're ready now—little red-roofed cottages on the hill, with a weathercock on the peak of the veranda and a white picket fence, and—and, he rents 'em, Lo, we——"

"Honest, Al, you must be crazy with the heat. I thought you was only guying all along—or I would have given you a brain test."

"Guying nothing; the idea has had me for a month like a house afire. I wanna get out of this business, hon, before you much more than get in. We can start together in a clean little town in a clean little way, kitten. I wanna get you out of the show business, Lo, before you more than get just in. Get you out, kitten, and take care of you."

"Honest, Al, you're enough to scare a girl. We can't do a crazy thing like that. What'll Lee say if we jump? I wanna get on in this business, Al. I'm just starting, only six months in the game, and I wanna get on. I ain't the kind of a girl that could settle down in a tank in a million years."

"All right, in the big town then, Lo, if——"

"Gee, wouldn't Lee be sore!"

"Lee, always Lee. I think you're cracked over Lee and that's what's hurting you. I think you wanna stick around with the director of this show, that's what I think."

"What's it to you? You ain't my boss. I'm a good girl, I am, and no man can cast insinuations about me. I—I——"

"Lo, darling."

She was sobbing again—hurt, jerky little convulsions that racked her.

"Honest, I wish I was dead."

"Lo, darling, I tell you Lee ain't the kind of a man for——"

"If I ain't swell to Lee, he fines me and puts Floss first in the pony prance. If I ain't swell to you, then you come around insinuating and——"

"Darling, it's just because I——"

"You know how a girl like me that wants to get on in the business has got to salve it on with the director—if he happens to like her. You know better than I can tell you."

She stole a furtive glance at him from the corner of her handkerchief and immediately returned to its depths. A greenish white aura sprang out around his lips and his hands closed until the flesh sprang white at the knuckles.

"Whatta you mean? If that rat has been bothering you, by Gad, I——"

"No, no, no! Gee, can't a fellow like a girl, just plain like a girl, without—without bothering her?. Can't a girl and a fellow flirt a little without bothering each other?"

Her voice was as arch as her glance.

"That's it. That's it. You're a little flirt. You're a little flirt in the blood and you can't help it. You can't help flirting no more than I can help the color of my eyes. You're a little flirt and a little devil that drives slow-thinking men like me crazy. No wonder you get me so wild I see black. You're a little flirt and a little devil! A little devil!"

His words set her blood foaming.

"I am, am I? Where'd I be if I didn't know how to salve it on a little? Where'd I be now? Leading the swinging ballet? Leading the pony prance? I would not! I'd be back just where I was six months ago, making sateen daisies in a Twenty-Third street flower loft and not knowing the difference between bedroom shoes and ballet slippers. Where'd I be now if I didn't know how to salve it on a little?"

"That's it, salve it on. That's what you've been doing to me, I guess, salving it on; salving it on."

"Where'd I be now if I didn't know how to get round Lee? How'd I ever have got in a big road show like this without a day's experience, if—if I——"

"Aw, I know that line of talk."

"Yes, you do. You're a man and old at the game. A fellow with a dummy specialty act like yours knows he can always find work in vaudeville or spectacular. I ain't got no storm-king act to wave in a manager's face. I was just a little kid, like nine hundred and ninety-nine other little kids on Broadway, with a baby stare and a pair of

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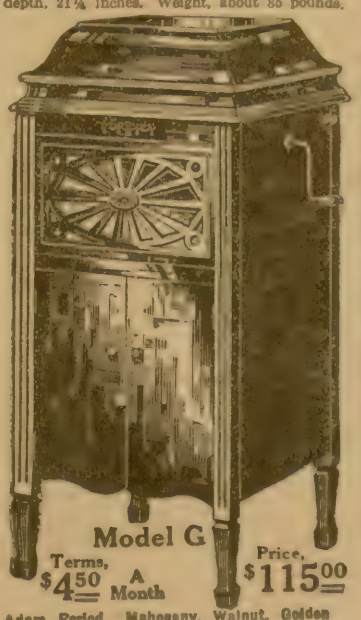

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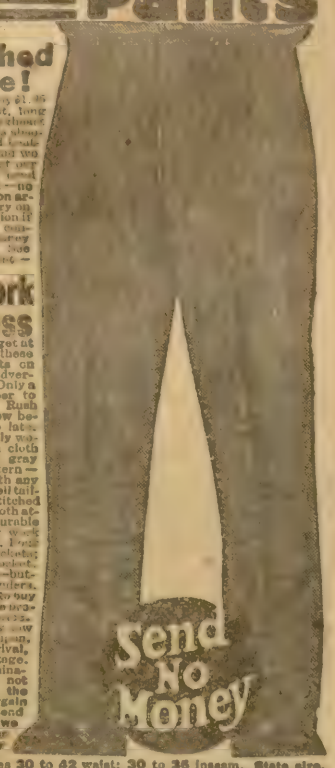

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feet that wanted to dance and didn't know how."

"What's all that got to do with what I'm trying to say to you?"

"Where'd I be now if I hadn't salved it on when Lee tried to drill me for the swinging ballet? Gee, I wasn't nimble enough to climb a match, much less do a turn on a crossbar and swing out the horizontal for your fly. Where'd I be now, sucking my thumbs?"

Beneath the rumble of the train her voice was throaty and full of tears.

"Where'd I be now, I'd like to know?"

"Shh-h-h, Lo. Lee hisself don't need to hear you."

"I'm an ambitious girl, I am. I ain't ready to settle down yet in a tank by a long shot. I gotta keep my stand-in. I'll be doing a single on the Amsterdam Roof by next summer, see if I don't. And salving it on is what'll get me there. I gotta look ahead. I'm keeping my weather eyes on Broadway, I am!"

"TAKE it from me, hon, and I'm your friend for telling you, you're cute and all; gad, I never seen an one could touch you, but there ain't no future to little soubrette and chorus stuff like yours. You ain't got the voice, hon. You're pretty as peaches, but—"

"You—you'd take the life out of any girl with your joy killing. Ever since we left Higginsville and you came and crowded Lee out of this seat, you been sittin' here joy killing."

"But, Lo, darling——"

"Lemme alone."

"Can't you understand dear, that I——"

"Maybe I'm nothing but a little baby-doll and maybe I ain't! Maybe I'm all the names you call me right here on this seat and maybe I ain't. Maybe I'm nothing but a little flirt, and maybe I ain't. Maybe I'm going to flirt with Lee in the wings tonight and maybe I ain't. Now whatta you going to do about it?"

She threw down the gauntlet from a high hand, the rod of resolve straightening her back.

"I don't need to stand for no man sitting here and running me down to my face all the way from Higginsville to Adalai. I'm an ambitious girl, I am, and no man can say the things you said to me right here in this train and get away with them. Lemme out!"

He unwound his feet and jerked his coat lapels together angrily. Beneath his tiny, clipped hedge of mustache his straight lips were compressed.

"What you need, my little lady, is a good spanking."

"You try it."

"A good garden-variety of spanking to bring you to your senses!"

"Lemme out, you! I don't have to sit here and be talked to by a fellow that ain't a gent! Spank me! You just dare to lay a hand on me. You! You!"

She was edging past him to the aisle.

"Shh-h-h, you don't need to air your temper to the company, Lo. Here—put on your coat. Here we are at Adalai."

Down the length of the coach, heads rumpled with sleep appeared slowly above the backs of the seats as if emerging from trenches. Bags were swung down from racks. Voices thick with drowsiness and querulous with travel rose to a hum. The "Forty Thieves" Company straightened stiff limbs, yawned, adjusted straps and hats and sat forward on the edge of seats in a state of quasi coma, luggage across knees and gazing out into the blackness.

Without, the first lights of Adalai began to flash past, here-there, here-there; then a necklace of lamplights defining an outlying street; a hollow rattling over a trestle and black water reflecting beneath.

Last came the busy twinkling lights of the township; an illuminated clock in a tower, yellow as a moon; billboards shining in the white flare of street arc-lights and brilliantly heralding the "Forty Thieves Spectacular Surprise."

Within the coach, the thirty members of the "Forty Thieves" Company jammed suddenly into the aisle.

At the far end of the coach a young man whose face was eons older than his flesh, sprang upon the first of the plush-covered seats waving his light brown derby hat, and then slapped it on the back of his polished thatch of hair. A cold cigar sagged at an oblique from his mouth, his tan waistcoat, open its full length, swung apart to reveal the bold design of his shirt. He rammed the cigar in his waistcoat pocket and opened his mouth in a downward slant, cupping his hand around it to enclose his voice.

"Thirty-five minutes late. Company report direct to Opry House."

"For Gawd's sake, Lee, us girls have gotta eat—say——"

"Cut it! If there's anybody in this company don't like the runnings of this show, go holler down a well."

"Aw, Lee, whatta you think this is, a four-a-day show? I'm sick. I gotta get some rest or——"

"Say, the next member of this company that lets out a squeal can dig down in his jeans for a fine before this train pulls in."

The mutterings rose like wind in a lonely place and the speaker threw out his oratorical tones above it.

"This is a decent town with a decent house; see that you treat it decent. The milk special for Moline pulls out from this station at 4:10—breakfast on board."

"Aw, Lee, whatta you think we are—1:10! Say, a fellow that can hand out a route like this would murder a man for a subway ticket."

He waved his hat in a great semi-circular sweep, creating a little gust before it.

"Cut it, I say, or down in your jeans! Four-ten is what I said—ladies' and gents' waiting-rooms at station. Four-ten is what I said!"

He descended from the red plush seat, his mouth sagging and the livid red of exertion in his face swelling it.

"All out. Busses at station. Don't lag."

THE procession, a slow file of mutterings, charivari, shoulderings, and explosives, squeezed out upon the little geranium-hedged station platform. A line of omnibuses, lopsided, scarred and travel-weary, their rear doors hanging open, backed up against the platform, and into the half dozen of them, full of travelers' splenetic excitements, piled the thirty members of the "Forty Thieves" Company: Chorus girls who bent their feathered heads and flounced in with a display of too much ankle; show girls, full-busted, but ever wary of the double chin; narrow-shouldered young men with small collar sizes and next year's cut of coat; principals with extra luggage and lips too painted or too proud to smile, and up and down the narrow platform, snarling, swearing, shouting, Mr. Charley Lee walked, the cold cigar dangling from his mouth, his coat collar turned up against the November chill.

"Quit your gabbing there. Leave that lunch stand alone. Pile in. Pile in. Hurry, girls, there's plenty room for all. Here, pile in the last bus, some of you.

"Get in, Al; what you hanging around for? Fer Gawd's sake, Floss, quit chewing your rag and pile in. Now ready, boys; drive on!"

"Come on in, Lee, there's room here on my lap."

"Naw, I'll walk—let 'er go, boys, whip up them nags."

The procession moved off, creaking, swinging—across the railroad tracks, up a slight incline of hill, baggage swaying perilously, drivers shouting and barricaded in with more luggage, horses straining at their groins; laughter drifting backward. And from the rear windows of the rear omnibus Mr. Al Delano's white face, staring backward.

The sweet, clean smells of the open stole out over the country-side and after its flurry the little station relapsed frankly into its habitual quiescence.

Charley Lee exhaled loudly, wiped at his hatband and started across the tracks.

At his side a step, light and full of indecision.

"Lee!"

"Lo!"

A cloud spread over his brow, immediately evaporating into a smile.

"If it ain't the baby-doll! Why ain't you in one of the busses, kiddo?"

She slid a timid arm into his.

"I—aw, there wasn't room."

They burst into a simultaneous explosion of laughter.

"Wasn't any room! The little devil wanted to walk up with me. Wasn't any room! Gad, can you beat some of 'em for nerve?"

"I can dress in five minutes, Lee. I—I got my knickerbockers for the prance on—on underneath."

"Gad, I oughta fine you out of half a week's salary for traveling in your wardrobe."

"Like fun you would!"

"Gad, can you beat it for nerve? How the little devil talks back!"

They turned up a quiet street where trees met over their heads in a melancholy arch, and on both sides of the road, well back, lights glowed behind drawn shades and the gabled silhouettes of cottages showed thru the darkness.

He linked her arm with a slow ingratiating movement.

"Love me, baby-doll?"

"Silly!"

"You and my friend Al was pretty thick all the way up from Higginsville, I see, just the same." Watch out on his bar tonight, kiddo; that was nearly a nasty fall last night. That's what you get for treating me so cold."

"Didn't! Gee, the way you was flirting with me from the wings and all was enough to give any girl the shivers."

"That's what I give you, the shivers, is it? I'm some little shiver-giver, ain't I, kid? At that, you only flung me a stingy rose, instead of the wreath. Stingy! Stingy!"

"Aw, I know you. You don't mean nothing you say to me. Why should I fling a fellow my wreath that don't mean nothing he says to me?"

"Do!"

"Say, ain't this a swell little town, Lee? The first decent tank I've seen. Looka in there, will you? All eating supper around the table like regular folks. Neat, ain't it? Looka—kids and the only granny and all. Looka!"

"Good little town. We play a return in April. Neat, clean, little dump, and a good show town."

"Aw, looka, that cute little red-roofed cottage with the weathercock whirling around over the porch, brand new and all. Say, ain't that cute? Gee, for rent, too. I wouldn't mind renting that myself. Look at it up there on the little hill right between the depot and the town. Say, ain't that cute? I wouldn't mind renting that myself!"

"Yes, you would. You stick to me, kiddo, and see if what I tell you about the Amsterdam Roof don't come true!"

"Honest, Lee?"

"Aw, but what's the use treating a little girl like you white, when she acts so cold and touchy the minute a fellow tries to get loving with her. You bet your life Flossie would have flung me her wreath last night if I had winked for it; she ain't a cold little baby-doll like you."

"I——"

"What's the use trying to help a little girl that ain't got no temperament, when she's as cold as ashes? Them ain't my kind. Temperament is what you got to have in this business—ginger!"

Where the trees met darkest above their heads, so that not even the stars peeped thru, she stood suddenly on tip-toe so that her eyes, bluer than Italian waters, were parallel with his.

"How—how much—temperament does a girl have to have, Lee, to—to get ahead? Huh? Honest, Lee, I'm green in this game and I want more'n a girl ever did to—to get ahead. How much temperament does she have to have, Lee?"

For answer he leaned over and kissed the curved line where her lips met.

THE acte de resistance of the "Forty Thieves" extravaganza opened with a stealthy plucking of muted violin strings—a device popular for the mystery it twangs and insinuates. Gradual lights disclosed a papier-mache cave glowing with tinsel-pointed stalactites and stalagmites and a bent-backed, pussy-footed chorus of red-hooded gnomes winding thru its subterranean labyrinths. Tip-toe! Tip-toe! Tip-toe!

A tremolo of drums rumbled to an ear-splitting crescendo, and four wind-sprites, tossing their velly draperies, bounded from the red mouths of four up-stage caves, singing an off-key suppliance to the Storm King and sustaining high C with faces strained to deep vermilion. From the right wing, in shirt sleeves and with an eye to nature, Mr Charley Lee directed the lightning and between flashes manipulated the wind machine. Above the song of the gale his voice rose and fell thru the improvised megaphone of his cupped hands.

"Hurry them ponies back there—swing 'em on—dang it, swing 'em on. Speed 'er up back there—speed! Speed!"

Suddenly from behind a stalactite drop the raindrop chorus descended from heaven in a carefully selected shower.

A patter of applause passed thru the audience.

Dangling mid-air from silver wires, a score of the effulgent creatures swung pendent, silver legs floundering, silver skirts flouncing, and showering silver roses from shallow silver baskets. And in their center, dangling highest from the stalagmite floor and further distinguished by a silver wreath placed as if in blessing on her brow, Miss Lola Lalady, sparkled like dew in sunshine.

"All Hail the Storm King," sang the ballet, dangling on their wires.

From the gloom of the right wing Mr. Charley Lee let out a generous lightning flash and in its white flare clapped his hands together and smiled up at Miss Lalady. She tossed him a token from her shallow basket.

"All Hail the Storm King," trilled the four winds, waving their bony arms.

"All Hail the Storm King," chanted the pussy-footed gnomes, turning cowled heads toward the left wing.

"All Hail the Storm King," sang the

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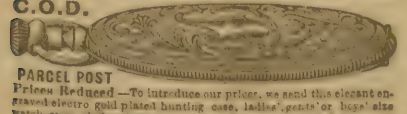

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ensemble, facing the left wing and faltering on high C.

Suddenly the silver wire jerked Miss Lalady higher still and she poised, limbs distended like a bisque angel depending from a chandelier. A flower of entwined trapeze descended from behind the stalactite drop, framing her from the waist up. The spotlight focused.

The song of wind suddenly rippled across the stage.

"All Hail the Storm King," she sang in a fluty voice, closing her small hands over the parallel bar and gazing with en rapport toward the left wing.

In the gloom of that left wing, taut as a gladiator, Mr. Al Delano, clad in gold-colored tights, with a zigzag of silver lightning down his front, balanced in waiting on the tip of the titillating springboard in readiness for his flight across the stage.

His muscles sprang out and his biceps swelled to capacity, and beneath the gold-colored tights his diaphragm suddenly contracted, throwing his great chest upward.

"All Hail the Storm King!"

Miss Lalady drew backward the bar until it lay across her little bosom and, as the silver wire jerked her ever so slightly higher, flung it from her with one hand, and with her free arm tossed her silver wreath downward toward the figure beside the wind machine, and a little thrill of laughter went with it.

"Both hands there—cut that—wait! Al—wait—good God!"

On that outward swing of the trapeze Mr. Al Delano leaped from his springboard with the grace of a wild thing, turned his double somersault mid-stage, in mid-air, and reached out for the flower-twined horizontal bar. It swung back, but too slowly to meet his straining clutch. Too late to gather his strength against a fall, he gyrated for a second in a ghastly simulation of an acrobat, and then with the directness of a fowl shot on swift wing, hurtled downward, his legs doubled up under him and his neck strained backward.

"Ugh-h-!"

A moment of indecision. A woman in the balcony shrieked and hid her face. Another. The West Wind fainted back against an iridescent pillar. The director's baton fluttered, then waved onward, the music clattering manfully after it. A gnome fell weak-kneed in her tracks. The curtain slithered downward.

AT 3 O'CLOCK, with the immense quiet of dead o' night thick as a shroud around them, the watchers beside a property couch moved simultaneously. A doctor rose from his stiff knees, his lips pursed and perplexed beneath his mossy beard. Charley Lee lifted a basin and towel from the floor and placed them noiselessly on the gold property table. Miss Lolo Laladay, her silver skirts crushed to her figure, rose from her crouching attitude at the base of the couch, and beneath the mask of rouge her little face seemed suddenly as fleshless as the feet of a bird and slashed with tears, as if rain had beat against it.

"Doc! My God, Doc, don't you know yet? You want us to die waiting, do you? Don't you know nothing yet?"

"We gotta catch the four-ten train, Doc, and she feels like before we go we oughta——"

"Can't you tell a girl, Doc? Ain't he ever coming to again? Ain't he, Doc? Oh, my God, ain't he?"

The doctor snapped his spectacles into a case and regarded her above a remaining pair that straddled his nose half-way down. His voice was deliberate and as slow as treacle in the pouring.

"We are going to move him now, young lady, just as soon as the hospital wagon arrives. Then we can tell more."

Fear lay on her face like a death mask.

"Is he——"

"I have set three fractures, but I can't look at the back until we get him to the hospital, little lady."

"Oh, my God! His back!"

Charley Lee smoothed a nervous hand up and down the back of his glossed hair.

"What she's tryin to get at is this, Doc. We gotta get that four-ten train out and——"

"Don't listen to him, Doc, we——"

"We gotta get that train out and if he ain't done for she wants to know if he'll come around all right. He will, won't he, Doc?"

"He will, Doc, won't he? He will, Doc, for God's sake tell me he surely will."

"I won't know how much, little lady, until we get him to the hospital, but it looks to me like he will come around all right."

"See, Lo; now go get your duds."

"Oh, my God, Doc." She caught at his hands in a frenzy of suppliance and fell on her knees in a huddle at his feet. "Just pull him around, Doc. That's all I ask. Pull him around, Doc, and I'll make it up to you. I'll work my fingers to the bone for you. I'll black your shoes and walk on my knees for you. Only don't let him die, Doc. For God's sake, don't let him die." The incoherence of frenzy muddled her tones.

"Aw, cut it, Lo. Don't you see that Doc's doing all he can. Go get your duds on, Lo. You see, Doc, it's this way. She kinda feels like it was her fault, but there's nothing to that. It's just like he got dizzy all of a sudden the way he missed that bar. I've seen it happen a dozen times. She flung it all right enough, but she kinda feels to blame about it. It's dead sure that he'll come around all right, ain't it Doc? Tell her."

"I done it! I done it, Doc, but I didn't think it would swerve. I done it. Oh, my God, Doc. I done it!"

He stooped and drew her gently from her crouching attitude at his feet and as if anticipating that she would sway like a silver reed, placed a firm hand between her bare shoulder blades.

"There's no immediate danger of anything right now, little lady. You just keep up your courage until we have a look at that back and see what can be done."

"I'll walk on my knees for you, Doc. I——"

"Aw, Lo, cut the sob stuff. Didn't you hear the Doc tell you a lay-up is all he's in for? Flyin' acts is used to that."

"There, there, little lady, you just wait until we look at that back."

WE GOT to be beatin' it, Doc. We gotta catch the company down at the station for the four-ten. I gotta wire ahead to Chicago for a dummy act, too. He—Al—he's a great fellow, Doc. Treat him white as you know how. You'll keep us wise about him, won't you? Here's our route list, and you let us know how he's mending up. He's a fellow with a fund, Doc, and if—if it ain't elastic enough to stretch, let us know. Take good care of him, Doc. The best ain't none too good for him. Be glad to send you paper to the show when we plan a return in April, Doc. Glad to take care of you if you wi'l call around at the box office. Come, Lo, we gotta hustle."

"Whatta you think I am—crazy? I—I ain't going."

He shuffled toward her.

"None of that. You gotta—we can't miss connections for——"

"I ain't going."

"Cut it now. Ain't he all arranged for in the hospital? You can't jump a show like this without——"

"You go chase yourself, Charley Lee. You can't bluff me. I'm going to stick, and whatta you going to do about it?"

(Continued on Page 18.)

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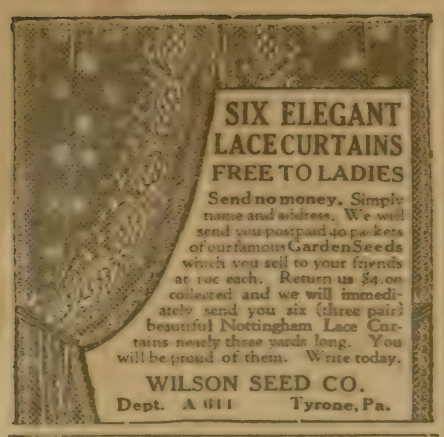

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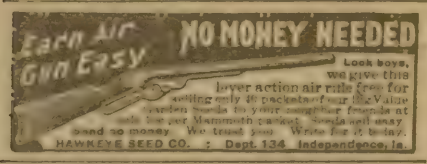

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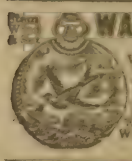

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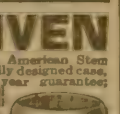

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Dollar Palpitation

(Continued From Page 6)

pen to me all right, but it ain't de kin' o' happenin' I wants. I is got de money comin' to me. An' it's mos' got heah. I seed one o' de timber mens yistidy an' he tol' me dey's been lookin' up mah titles to dat lan' an' dat dey'll have de deed all ready foh me to sign in a little while."

Kid rose. "I's gwine back to town. You gwine stay heah?"

Pete nodded vigorously. "I sho' is! I ain't gwine fool 'roun' over dah whuh all dem marryin' womens is at."

Pete saw his friend depart and went back to his chair. Finally he grunted. "De Suriname comed in dis mawnin', too, an' I espected some freight on her fum New 'Leans, an' I's skeered to go see 'bout it. Dem niggahs sho' is got mah bus'ness in a jamb."

The room was warm. Perspiration was running down Pete's face in streams. "I sho' is got to open dat do' a little bit. I gwine do dat an' keep a watch on de road, an' if'n I sees anybody comin' I'll shet it ag'in."

Pete opened the door. Then he tried to close it again. But a big, fat woman was too fast for him. Grabbing the door with both her hands she threw it wide open and stepped into the room!

Pete gasped. Pearline Joskins! And Pearline's determined expression showed that she meant business. Pete glanced at the back door—it was fastened. He knew Pearline could get him if he tried to escape that way. No siree! That plan was no good. Then he glanced at the window. That, too, was fastened. Pete gave himself up for lost, but he was going to hold out as long as he could.

With rapidity that a fox might have been proud of, Pete placed a small table between himself and the woman. This was accomplished by jumping over it backwards. Then he grabbed a chair and placed that on the table.

The woman's eyes snapped. "Whut's you doin' you ol' fool? Is you gwine mo' crazy'n you already is?"

This was better. Much better. Pete had anticipated action instead of conversation. A talking woman while bad enough was much more to be desired than a blood-thirsty one.

Pete nodded gravely. "Yassum. Dat's right."

Pearline edged just a little nearer the table. "You's a fool. Whut you thinks I come heah foh?"

This was the very question which was worrying Pete. The old man had a very good idea of what Pearline had come there for, but he wasn't quite sure. But he must say something: "Sho' does. Yassum—thanky suh—ma'am!"

Pearline moved forward another couple of inches. Pete moved backward—several inches. 'Stop actin' de fool. I wants to tell you sumpthin'. I wuz oncet engaged wid a man named Meat Grease. Dat wuz when I lived down to Ceiba. Meat Grease done gone to de States an' I thought dat niggah wuz gone foh good. But he ain't. He comed heah dis mawnin' on de Suriname, an' he's gwine go to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, whuh he's gwine open a gamblin' house."

Pearline paused. After a little she continued. "Meat Grease is a bad actah. He's a killin' niggah. If'n he fin's out you's evah as much as looked at me he's gwine chaw you up."

Here was something Pete didn't understand. Pearline talked as if . . .

"An' me an' you ain't gwine git married?"

Pearline sniffed. "Me marry you when I kin git Meat Grease? Huh! I reckons not! I wants a man when I marries—a reel sho' 'nough man—not a almos' or ol' has-been-man. You knows whut I wuz gwine marry you foh; foh, 'yo' money, an' 'cause I thought Meat Grease wuz gone foh good. Now dat he's comed back I's gwine marry him. He may not have as much money as you's got, but he's got 'nough."

PEARLINE lowered her voice. Her words came slowly, but they were important words, and Pete caught the full significance of each one. "Dey's one thing you better onderstan'. Meat Grease is gwine kill bofe o' us befo' he'll let you have me. Fuddermo', you'd better not even let him know we is evah been engage'."

Pete grunted. "You ain't gwine tell him?"

Pearline laughed contemptuously. "Me tell him? You sho' don' know dat man!"

Pete didn't know Meat Grease personally. And there were any number of people whom Pete had absolutely no desire to know, and heading the list of such undesirables was the man known as Meat Grease.

"An' I mus' not tell him?"

"Niggah!" Pearline's tone was most threatening. "If'n you even hints it to him, I's gwine kill you?"

Pete tried to grin. It was a poor try. "Huh! If'n I tell him! I wuz jes' tawkin' to heah mahse'f tawk. I sho' ain't gwine tell him. 'Taint nothin' could make me tell him. I ain't one o' dese yeah niggahs whut goes 'roun' blabbin out ev'ything dey knows. Not me!"

The woman's expression became less hostile. "Well, if'n you don' tell him, it'll be all right, an' dey wa'nt be no trouble fum me. But if'n you does tell him! If'n you does tell him!"

"Yeah! If'n I does tell him! If'n I does any sech fool thing as dat you gwine know dat I's done gone crazy."

Pearline tossed her head. "I'll know dat you' done gone daid! Dat's whut I'll know. 'Cause Meat Grease'll kill you, an' when he's done dat, I'll finish you up."

Pete shook his head. "Humph! Mah bus'ness sho' is in one fine mess."

"Yo' bus'ness is in a good fix now to whut it's gwine be in if'n you does too much talkin'."

The old negro grunted. "Ain't nobody gwine do as little tawkin' as I's gwine do. I never did like to tawk nohow!"

"All right. You keep yo' mouf shet, an' ain't nothin' gwine happen wid you. Tawk—an'——" Pearline paused impressively.

"Tawk an' ev'ything, 'scusin' sumpthin' good, is gwine happen to you."

Pearline, in her desire to impress Pete with the fact that Meat Grease must never know of their little affair, succeeded beyond her wildest expectations. Fire applied to the soles of the old negro's feet could not force him to divulge his secret to Meat Grease.

And Pearline's desire that Meat Gease be kept in ignorance of the fact that she had been at one time near the point of becoming Pete's wife, was not out of consideration for Pete. Had Pete alone been concerned, she would have never given the matter a second thought.

Pearline, however, knew well the terrible temper possessed by her returned fiance, and she had no desire to bring down his wrath upon her head.

The woman thought she had succeeded in throwing a good scare into Pete. In this, she was absolutely correct. The old negro was so badly frightened that had Meat Grease suddenly appeared on the scene, Pete would have left that room even if he had to go thru the roof.

To the old man's intense relief, Pearline did not tarry long after delivering her warning. Pete watched her stalk from the room with a feeling of thankfulness in his heart.

With Pearline gone Pete suddenly found himself even more restless than before. Danger lurked in town, but the little hut, too, appeared pregnant with terrible possibilities. Pete knew not what awaited him down where people were accustomed to congregate, but he must do something. . . . He could not remain alone. . . . So townward he turned his face.

In front of the Railroad saloon, Pete found twenty or more negroes gathered in a circle, evidently greatly interested in some one standing in the center of this human ring.

As Pete drew near he heard a man's voice. A terrible voice. A voice that made Pete's flesh creep. Yet, he must see the speaker.

When Pete finally pushed his way thru the crowd he beheld a man he would never forget. The man was dark, very dark. Night was no darker than he. He was of that type known as cock-eyed, and his lips bore an habitual sneer. Extending across his right cheek was a deep, ugly scar, while a small piece of flesh appeared to have been chipped out of his forehead. Altho he stood not much over five feet in height, this man was broadshouldered and his long, gorilla-like arms extended almost to his knees.

This man continued to orate. "I's de wustest, badest man whut evah rambled 'roun' disyeah country. An' ev'y time I thinks 'bout anything I gits wusser. I's Meat Grease, I is, an' dem whut knows me trembles when I speaks."

Pete never knew why he spoke. "Is dat de little niggah dat——?" burst from the old man's lips.

Meat Grease heard. Meat Grease acted. Pete's sentence was never completed. Jumping in front of the old negro, Meat Grease placed a huge fist under that individual's nose.

"Who's you callin' little niggah? Who's yow tawkin' 'bout? Don' you

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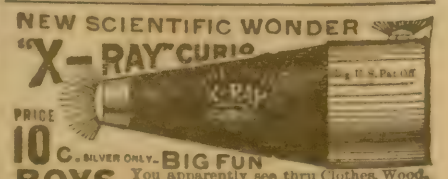

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$4.98 During This Sale — Special Advertising Offer

Only because we secured several thousand during the manufacturers' slack season can we offer this beautiful **Juliette Linene** dress at such an amazingly low price. The bewitching beauty of this newest style dress is impossible to describe—that's why we send it to you **without a penny in advance—on approval.** This is the kind of dress for which you would expect to pay about double this special advertising price. An exclusive David Strong model — perfectly stunning—with rich looking embroidered panels on waist and skirt. All the rage this season. Only a limited number can be sold at this amazing bargain price. Be one of the lucky ones by sending the coupon quick. No money now, just your request will bring you this fashionable Linene Dress.

Send No Money

"The Juliette" is made of medium weight linene—very popular—rich looking, suitable for all occasions and extremely serviceable. Launders perfectly. Cut along full loose youthful lines so popular with women of every age. Beautifully embroidered with fine white mercerized floss. Collar, turn-back cuffs and vestee of white pique. Belt has attractive celluloid buckle. Opening on left side. Favorite three-quarter length sleeves. The most striking, charming dress of this type we have ever seen. **Women's sizes, 34 to 44** bust measure. **Misses sizes 14 to 18.** Colors: Alice blue and rose. **STATE COLOR AND SIZE.**

$9 VALUE

WRITE QUICK! Just mail coupon or write letter quick—no money now. Deposit $4.98 and postage with postman on arrival. Try on and examine carefully. If then not convinced it is the most beautiful linene dress you ever saw and that you have saved at least $4, send it back and your money will be quickly returned to you.

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Address.....
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Three Days Free

Make a big pot full and let all your family try it—give a cupful to the neighbors and see what they think of it. Try it again the next day and think it over. Try it again the third day. Isn't this a thorough test? If after all this trial you are not absolutely convinced that this is the finest coffee you can buy anywhere, ship the unused coffee back. If you have kept out less than a pound, I will refund every penny you have paid. You take no chances. Take advantage of this offer.

Please send 10 lbs. coffee this time. Everyone likes it that tried it.
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I have the finest and most modern equipment, my workmen are experts, and I buy only the highest quality green coffee. The result is the most delicious coffee that can possibly be produced; a bargain at sixty-five cents a pound when sold through wholesalers and retailers. You cannot appreciate the wonderful flavor and aroma until you try this for yourself.

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I import and roast the green coffee from the tropical countries where it is grown, then sell direct to you and save you the retailer's price and the wholesaler's price. It is doubly cheap because it comes to you right from the roaster, absolutely fresh, and therefore one pound of my coffee will make more cupfuls than a pound of ordinary grocer's coffee. Why pay 20 to 30 cents for the dealer's profit? Save this profit for yourself by ordering direct.

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Bingo Co. Dept. 187, Binghamton, N.Y.

know who I is? Don' you know I's gwine——"

Pete's brain could on occasion work with lightning-like rapidity. This was one of the occasions.

"Huh! Mistuh Meat Grease, you knows I wa'nt tawkin' 'bout you. I jes' seed a little boy up de street dah, an' wuz gwine ast disyeah man beside me if'n dat wuz de little boy whut wuz lookin' foh a job."

The fist was lowered. "Dat's all right den. But you wants to be mighty keerful when I's 'roun'. I's a bad man. I don't stan' foh no foolishments."

Pete's old head bobbed. "I knows dat. I gwine be 'tic'lar. You ain't gwine git no foolishments fum me. Dat you ain't."

Meat Grease grunted. "See dat I don'."

Pete was no longer anxious to listen to Meat Grease's speechifying. He wanted to be some other place and he wanted to be there now. Accordingly, he started.

As Pete shuffled away a member of the crowd joined him. "Dat Meat Grease sho' is a bad niggah," commented Pete's new companion.

Pete's disgust showed in his voice. "Humph! You thinks dat's news? Tell me sumpthin' I wants to heah."

Pulling away from this negro who wanted to talk about Meat Grease, Pete commenced to ramble. He was too nervous to go to the North Pole or the Hot Iron Presing Club—Meat Grease might come there—or one of the three remaining women to whom he was engaged.

And in his rambles, he rambled upon Cold Steel Jarret. Cold Steel Jarret lost no time in getting to business. "Look heah, ol' niggah, I's onderstandin' you's tryin' to marry mah sister. I ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout it so long as you's got all dat money I's been hearin' 'bout, but if'n dat's sumpthin' you's jes' tryin' to put over an' git dat po' onsuspectin' gal, you jes' look out—dat's all."

Pete glanced at the slender brown negro and as he glanced he trembled. Not for nothing did this man bear the name of "Cold Steel." He was a knife-man; a man dreaded up and down the Honduranean coast. It wouldn't do to get him onto a fellow.

Pete grinned—a forced grin, but a grin nevertheless. "I ain't tryin' to put nothin' over on her——"

Cold Steel Jarret nodded. "Mebbe you ain't. I knows dem timber fo'ks is gwine buy lan' heah in Honduras, 'cause I wuz up to Ceiba 'other day an' heerd de head man up dah tawkin' 'bout it, but is you got any to sell 'em? Mebbe you's jes' lyin'——"

Pete shook his head. "I's got it to sell all right. But ifn't yo' sister wants to change her min'——"

Cold Steel shook his head. "She ain't gwine change her min' if'n you's got de money. If'n you ain't got it she don' wan' you, an' 'sides, I wouldnt let you marry her so long's you's only got a little drinkin' place an' a pressin' club. I's warnin' you—if'n you makes dat gal b'lieve you's got sumpthin' you ain't——"

Some one called to Cold Steel and greatly to Pete's relief he turned away. Pete only wished that he had no land. If he didn't have it, those women would turn from him quicker than he could count two. But he had the land. . . . And the timber company was on the job. . . . They had the option. . . .

Finally Pete wandered down to the beach and stood there gazing moodily out at the Concord soon to sail for Ceiba.

It was there that Kid Scoot found him. Kid was excited. This was very evident.

"Pete, you's got to git on de Concord, an' git 'way fum heah. Heah's yo' ticket I done got foh you. Dey ain't no time to lose."

The old negro jumped. "How come?"

"Meat Grease is done foun' out dat you an' Pearline is been engage', an' he say he's gwine do you up. An' he's a bad niggah."

Pete's voice trembled. "Whut I mus' do?"

Kid's mouth was working like a machine gun. "Go to Ceiba an' stay dah three o' fo' days. Meat Grease an' Pearline is gwine git married tomorrow an' go to Guatemala, an' den it'll be safe foh you to come back."

Pete hesitated a moment. "But mah bus'ness?"

Kid snorted. "You ain't gwine have no bus'ness if'n you fools 'roun' heah. I'll look after de Nawf' Pole an' de Hot Iron whilest you's gone. Now, you git on dat boat."

Pete nodded his head slowly. "An' den when I gits back heah all dem yuther womens is gwine git on me. An' Cold Steel, while he wouldn't let his sister look at me if'n I didn't had no money, now dat I is gwine have it is sho' gwine see dat I marries his sister. He make out dat he ain't keerin' much, but I knows he jes' been feelin' me out, an'——"

Kid grunted impatiently. "Look out foh dat when you comes back. Jes' now you's got to save yo' life."

This was an argument there was no getting around, and when the Concord pulled out Pete was one of her passengers.

The old negro had all the time for thought he needed while en route to Ceiba, with the result that when he reached that town he had a headache from overthinking.

And then—just as he put foot on the beach, he saw coming toward him, Martin Neil, representative of the concern holding the option on his land.

THE Concord, just in on her return trip from Ceiba, came to anchor, and the Tela passengers went ashore. Half way up the street from the beach, Pete met Kid Scoot.

"Heah I is, Kid, back fum Ceiba," shouted Pete.

Kid nodded. "I see you is."

Pete wanted information. "Meat Grease an' Pearline married an' gone?"

Kid nodded. "Yeh. But de yuthers is heah."

Pete laughed. "I ain't worryin' none 'bout dem niggahs, Kid. Dem niggahs is gwine fade 'way fum me now lak'n to de dew befo' de sun."

Kid frowned. "Whut you means?"

Pete jerked his head toward the Concord. "Mustuh Neil come down heah on dat boat. He's de man whut had de option on mah lan'. He's 'roun' town somewhuh, an' he's gwine let out de news 'cause dey's yuther people hear whose lan' he's got options on."

Kid grabbed Pete's arm. "Whut you means?"

Pete laughed. A hearty, pleased laugh. "Dem peoples in New York whut wuz gwine put up de money foh dis timber projec' is been lookin' over de engineers repo't, an' dey's 'cided dat it'd cos' too much to buil' a railroad back dah after dat timber. So——"

Pete grinned. "Dey jes' gwine lose de little bit dey paid out on options an' drop de whole bus'ness. Dese niggahs is jes' been countin' too much on people tawkin'."

Old Pete's face became suddenly grave. "It sho' do feel pleasant, Kid, to know dat I ain't gwine git dat money. Money is too much trouble.

Then the old man grinned again. "An' it sho' is gwine be fun to see dem womens gittin' 'way fum me lak as if I had de smallpox."

❦ ❦ ❦

A Royal Riddle

(Continued From Page 9.)

won't get off with your life unless you tell all you know."

"I don't know——"

Bagby's vice-like grip closed on Muggins' shoulder. "You've been in New York. You know what the third degree is. I happen to be past-master of that, and if you want a taste of it——"

"No—no, sir—none o' that, sir."

"Well, then, tell what you know."

'So 'elp me God, it ain't much, sir. I knew Gus Pottle well. He didn't make me jerry to his scheme, but I found out that he was plannin' to get the Crown Prince. It was me that tipped him off that Miss 'Udson was workin' for you, sir. So, when Pottle 'eard you was comin' to Paris, 'e sent out men to croak you——"

"I know that. What I want to learn is where the Crown Prince is hidden."

Bagby's hand descended again, and Muggins raised his voice in a howl of terror. "I swear I don't know, gov'nor. I been with Miss Audebert up to a day ago, an' she ain't got 'im, I'll bloody well tyke my oath to that."

"Go on."

"I never did see the Prince. Etienne—that was Juliette's half brother—an' me traveled together, havin' similar tastes an' bein' in the transport durin' the war. Him an' Pottle was always arguin'. Finally they had a fight, an' Pottle shot him. That was in the house at 47 Rue Verte.

"Juliette knew about this Doctor Kitts an' she sent me to get 'im. I was clean batty because my buddie had been shot, and knowin' you were due in Paris, I rushed off to the Gare du Nord, an' brought you to the 'ouse. I wanted you to get 'em both."

"What then?"

"Bein' afraid o' Pottle I decided to get out o' Paris, but he came to my lodgin' an' made me drive 'im out Chateau-Thierry way. The next day we picked the woman up near Jaulgonne. Then they dropped me; told me to go back to Paris, an' keep my bloomin' mouth shut. So I 'opped a train back to town. An' that's the truth, sir, all that I know, too."

"You don't know that Juliette is back in Paris?"

Muggins looked genuinely startled. "No, sir."

"She is, beyond question. The car in which she fled from the Chateau de Marmont has been located in Paris. I am glad, for your sake, that you came here, and told what you know. It may save your neck. That is all, Monsieur Henriot. I am thru with the prisoner. May I examine those interesting articles that we brought back from La Velle?"

While he doffed his coat and arranged the microscope and powerful magnifying glasses, Bagby's mind was busily tracing out a theory:

1. That the Crown Prince was in Paris.

2. That Juliette, on returning, had gone to the place where he was hidden.

3. That she would not leave the child with any one who was not

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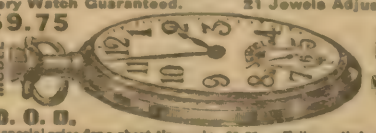

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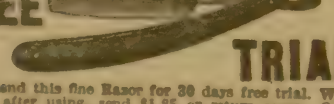
FREE  **TRIAL**

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equally responsible with her and Pottle. The apaches who had been hired as gunmen could not be trusted.

4. That this person was the one who had supplied the diamond-backed rattlesnake at the Chateau de Marmont. That was something entirely out of Juliette's line.

5. That, if he found this person, he would also find the woman and little Prince Rupert.

WHO WAS IT?

Suddenly Bagley's eyes brightened. The snake had supplied him with the link for which he had been searching. He turned to a microscopic examination of the cap, the cigar butts and the microphotographs of the footprints, for he believed that the abduction and the murder of Pottle were closely interwoven.

The cigars found in the limousine were unmistakably Pottle's. The one picked up in the road presented a different problem. It had burned but a quarter way down. The impress of teeth was very clear, the smoker having a firm but not a mauling bite.

Next came the photographs. It was possible to distinguish in them the pointed toes of Pottle's shoes, and the imprint of boots with a broad toe and a remarkably high heel. Bagby pondered over that for a while, trying to reconstruct a picture in his mind, and then passed on to the cap.

Beneath the microscope it showed three or four hairs that had adhered to the cloth. Just as the faunal naturalist from the observation of a single bone can describe a dinosaur, so can the trained criminologist deduce a man's appearance from a few hairs. Its texture, color and condition can tell him a world of things concerning that man's appearance, age and physical condition.

So, when Nayland Bagby left the headquarters of the Brigade Mobile a little later he was confident that he knew just where the little Crown Prince of Molravia was hidden!

VIII.

IN EVENING clothes, with his tousled hair trimmed and the disfiguring spectacles removed, Nayland Bagby looked quite another man. His keen, high-spirited face dominated now, instead of being subordinated to the sartorial disarray that had become part of his business. Joy looked at him, surprised, and a flush crept up into his

(Continued on Page 21.)

Ever Ever Green

Continued From Page 13

"Tell her, Doc, she's crazy with the heat."

"That won't thaw no ice with me. I'm going to stick with him and—and if he—he will have me l—l—Al—Al."

The figure on the couch stirred beneath its gold brocade property coverlet.

"Where—Lo—where?"

She sprang to his side with the doctor's restraining hand light on her arm.

"Al, darling! Oh, my darling!"

She leaned to him as if she would lay her heart palpitating at his feet.

"You ain't mad at me, Al—you ain't, are you, darling; you ain't mad at me?"

Tears rained down her face and he made to touch them, but his arm could find no power to raise.

"No, no, pussy cat, I ain't mad. Why should I be mad?"

He lolled his head ever so slightly on the pink sateen property pillow and smiled.

"Sure I ain't mad. It was the springboard that didn't work."

"Oh, my God." She could have swooned of heartache.

"I ain't so bad, Al. The Doc is going to fix you up fine—ain't you, Doc? Ain't you?"

"Quit your crying, Lo."

"It ain't so bad, Al. If—if you ain't mad at me we—we're going to stay here, darling, right here in Adalai like you wanted—like you wanted."

"No, no, Lo, I——"

"I seen the house when we walked to the show tonight. Just like you said, on the hill, and a little red roof and a little kid swinging his arms for a weathercock over the porch—just like you said, Al—you'll lemme stay, won't you, darling—you'll lemme—you'll lemme—please, Al—please!"

From his closed eyes came tears that he could not wipe away.

For the concluding part of this inside story of a show girl's life on the road—so cleverly and faithfully told by its famous author—get next week's Ledger.

The Authors Write This Week's Talk

(Concluded From Page 2)

just read off from "The Reverend Gudely's Advice to the Young," published at New Haven, Conn., in the year 1874, a pledge which we are sure is mighty apropos today. All Ledger readers raise their right hands please. Ready?

A pledge I make, no wine to take;
Nor brandy red, that turns the head,
Nor whisky hot, that makes the sot;
Nor fiery rum, that ruins the home.
Nor will I sin, by drinking gin;
Hard cider, too, will never do;
Nor lager beer, my heart to cheer;
Nor sparkling ale, my face to pale,
To quench my thirst I'll always bring,
Cold water from the well or spring;
So here I pledge perpetual hate,
To all that can in-tox-i-cate.

Now that Brown is here, we'll hear from him. What was it, now, T. E., that happened when the family called the doctor for their servant girl who was sick in bed? Says T. E.:

"Nothin' whatever's ailin' me, Doc," the servant girl confided to the doctor. "The family owes me sixty-five dollars and I'm stayin' right here in bed 'til they pay me."

"Well, move over," quickly commanded the doctor. "They owe me five hundred."

Now that we've heard T. E.'s short and very short story, we'll just flash on the screen something that Will S. Gidley sends us. Will says he is busy fighting with his mother-in-law, and can't come down. Lights, please. Writes Will:

Don't shoot the crow that's pulling your corn;
He's after bugs as sure as you're born!

Don't shoot the critic that's knocking your play;
He means well no doubt—it's only his way!

Don't shoot the coal man when prices go higher;
Just tell him to go where no coal he'll require!

Don't shoot the Kaiser, tho no cuss could be meaner;
Jut hand him a ticket to the Isle St. Helena!

Don't shoot the plumber, or rage round and curse;
Tho his bill's altitudinous, it might have been worse!

Don't shoot the man who takes a straw vote;
Remember that some one must be the goat!

Don't shoot The Ledger Editor who sends back this verse;
You see, he might print it, and that would be worse!

And now that the lights are on the screen, we'll conclude with Hank Long's famous verse, called "Phizzes." Says Hank, working with his pencil and warbling with his vocal chords:

There are faces, faces, faces of all the tribes and nations;
There are " " of your own wife's dear relations,
There are " that are mellow, there are faces that are fat,
There are " most becoming 'neath the picture-hat.
There are roast beef faces and those like mutton tallow,
There are faces, faces, " jaundiced and sallow,
Now gaze on all these " 'till you get your fill,
But the face I love the most is on the $10 bill!

Take the exit to your left, and we'll meet again on page 2 next week.

Foretaste.

"Yes, my doctor has put me on a diet. It's just an hour until my dinner time and I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"How long have you been on a diet?"

"I start with my next meal."

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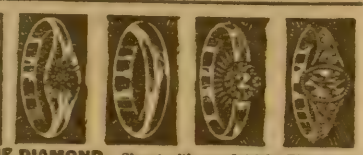

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Allatambour

Continued From Page 8

orders. He buffeted and pushed those men about him to get them started in the final attack. Holding his headdress on with one hand and pushing his men from his path with the other, he made for the nearest canoe with apparent intent of catching the girl!

Her father returned to his post, and I could see the telling licks he gave with a clubbed rifle as the blacks swarmed aft in a body at the bidding of their chief.

For a moment the giant negro with the monster headdress stood in clear view again as he reached the ship's rail and gave a final command before leaping into his canoe.

Then Urido, who had been sitting as silent as the graven image he resembled, gave a most unearthly yell—dove straight off the bow of my proa into the sea and swam for that cannibal chieftain as only Urido knew how to swim.

I called to him to come back. But he paid no heed. Other things needed my attention more and realizing the uselessness of longer keeping quiet and as I was within only a few yards of the unfortunate ship I shouted to the captain.

"Captain," I yelled. "Jump over the stern and there's a chance—jump over the stern."

And the old man heard me. Quickly speaking to those beside him he pitched into the nearest negro in an effort to divert his attention while the other whites got away.

Then came the overwhelming rush of the cannibals. By weight of numbers they pushed their close-packed way to the very stern. And out of the struggling jam only one white man cleared the taffrail, carried bodily and pitched into the sea by the very impetus of the assault. That man was the brave, gray-headed captain. The others had gone down before the overpowering black horde.

As I looked up from right under the stern I read the letters painted there in gold, Patience Standish, of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

And I felt that Patience Standish was the girl's name, who was somewhere near in the water.

But above, leaning far out over the taffrail, black, savage faces peered down at me. Their gleaming white teeth shone in the flickering light as they snarled their disappointment at having one of the victims escape them. And as they saw me their cries became excited and wilder. Those nearest the rail clambered up ready and eager to dive into the water and do for me what they had done for the brave men of the Patience Standish.

CHAPTER V.
IN THE TRAP.

THIS was no time to watch the villainous gang looking over the taffrail. Work was cut out for me—quick work if we were to get away.

In the water near I saw the blond head of Miss Standish, her hair floating on the surface in a radiance about her. She had not swum away. She had loyally remained by the ship and watched the outcome of the battle.

With a quick stroke of my paddle I shot the proa ahead and swung it alongside of her. She did not see me approach and at the sudden appearance of my boat she let out a little scream of surprise, but checked it before it could be heard at any distance.

A commotion on the deck attracted me for an instant. Loud cries came from one of the canoes, the one entered by the chieftain. Hoarsely shouted orders came to my ears. The negroes who had mounted the rail ready to follow the captain into the sea and also attack me, stepped back on the deck again and all crowded toward the gangway as if urgently called by their commander.

A cracked, crazy laugh sounded discordantly above all the other noises. I recognized Urido's voice in it and wondered what he might be up to.

Then I turned again to the girl in the water. She was not where I had just seen her.

"Where'd she go?" I asked in surprise of Mother Zuribar, who crouched by my side.

"She dove," the latter said.

I waited, every muscle keyed to give a stroke in the right direction when the girl should rise.

She broke water about ten feet away. My boat was by her side in a moment.

"Get in!" I cried.

"Who're you?" she asked.

"A friend," I answered, edging my boat gently closer that she might catch hold.

"Then why weren't you helping my father?" she asked accusingly as she gave the bow of my proa a push away from her.

"I just got here," I protested.

But she deliberately swam away.

"Here!" I yelled, "get in—and hurry."

"No!"

I paddled alongside of her again.

"Get in!" I ordered.

"No—you cannibal—go away!"

"Here!" I exclaimed, making a grab for her.

She dove out of my reach. Then thrusting the paddle in Mother Zuribar's hand and telling her to hold the canoe close at hand and exasperated at the girl's stubbornness I went in after her.

Even as good a swimmer as I am—Urido was the only Kokian better—I had my troubles when I caught up with the girl. She kept repeating: "If you were a friend you would have helped my father," and pushing me from her.

"Your father is alive and swimming somewhere near," I told her, "and so for the sake of saving us all listen to reason and stop struggling."

"He is alive?" she asked incredulously.

"He is," I said definitely.

"All right then—I'll get in the boat," she finally agreed, deciding suddenly.

It was but a moment's work to get her into the proa, get in myself, and after turning the dripping girl over to Mother Zuribar's tender care, get the paddle in my hands again and start in search of the captain.

Soon I sighted him quite a way from the ship—striking out lustily in the direction he seemingly supposed his daughter had taken.

A few powerful strokes of the paddle sent my speedy canoe to his side.

"Here, captain," I cried, "get in quick!"

"Who're you?" he asked suspiciously as had his daughter.

"A friend," I said.

He was yet suspicious and swam off a stroke to look at me. My speaking in English, however, seemed to reassure him.

"Your daughter is here," I added.

"Oh, father—come!" the girl's pleasant voice called from under the canoe hood. She heard us talking.

That voice decided the old man and he quickly swam alongside and grasping the gunwale easily hoisted himself aboard.

Extreme quiet rested over the scene of the recent combat and I looked back to see the cause.

I was alarmed at what I saw. Only one fully manned canoe remained beside the schooner and the ship's decks were deserted. I looked about us to try and find the whereabouts of the others.

Then I had need for alarm, for cautiously edging in toward us in a surrounding semicircle were three dark shadows. I recognized them for what they were—the three other war canoes, each with a goodly complement of its crew remaining alive and all eagerly awaiting the moment when their trap would close tight and we be in their grasp.

I had not time to wonder how the three boats so quickly got there, but instead took a glance about to see where we were to get out. No way had been left open. The new attack had been as well engineered by the crafty leader as the first surprise on

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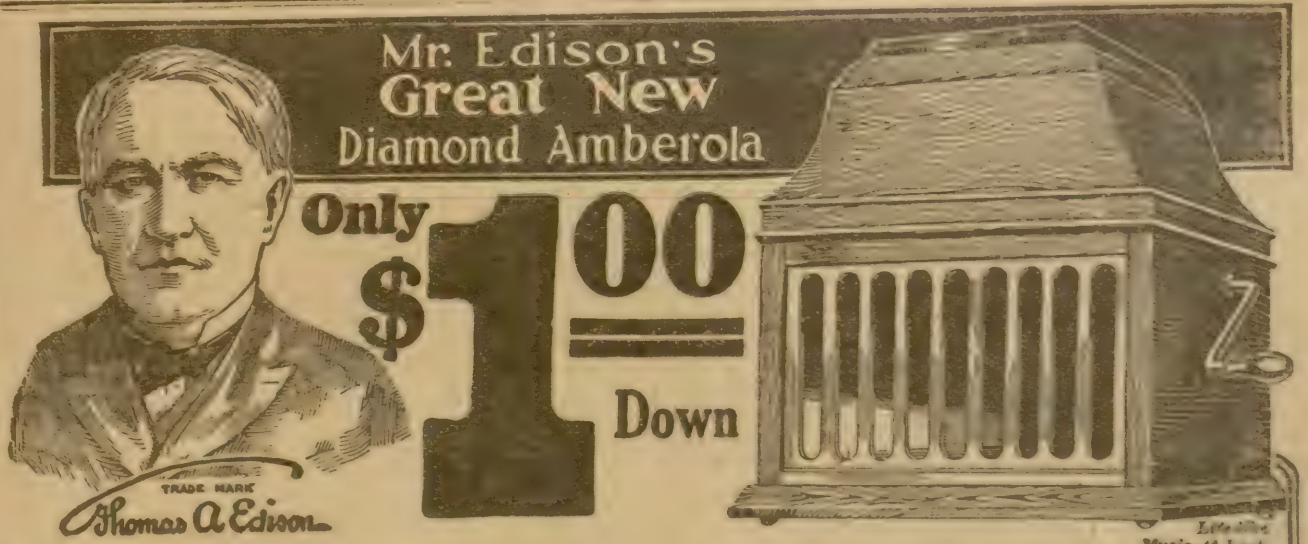

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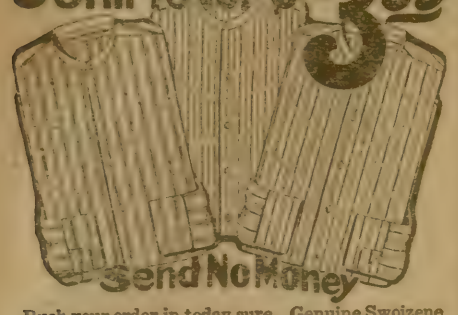

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the ship. We were in a trap. A rapidly lessening circle of ominously quiet savages marked our lease on life.

MY THOUGHTS, strange to say, were of the Spanish inquisition. I remembered having heard a tale about a room with collapsible walls wherein a victim was seated on the floor and by the light of a candle, left at his side by a fiendish torturer, he was able to watch the wall which slowly closing in upon him would eventually crush the life from his body. Our predicament was like that.

A voice broke in on my thoughts.

"Well, Alonzo—for so the lady caring for my daughter tells me you are called—how goes it? My name is Standish—I was captain of that schooner, the Patience Standish, which you see over yonder—hello! where the devil are the fiends—the ship's deserted!"

"We're surrounded, captain," I said, moderating my voice that it might not carry to the women and indicating the canoes all about with a sweep of my arm.

"Damn!" I heard the captain mutter thru his clinched teeth. I knew they were tight pressed, for at the moment he was looking toward the ship, and the light of the still burning torches in the rigging plainly showed me his face.

His is a good face to look upon. He is a tall, well-set-up man of at least 50—well preserved, clean shaven, his gray hair contrasting pleasingly with sun-reddened skin and his steel gray eyes look straight at one from under bristling brows that have a trait of ruffling up into a peeked whorl when he contracts them during thoughtful moments—this adds a seeming ferocity to him at times. Altogether, he then looked the part of an able commander. As he took in the situation, standing there on the bamboo half-deck, his expression took on ferocity and his square-set jaw protruded pugnaciously.

I could imagine his thoughts before he spoke them.

"We'll fight!" That was all he said, and somehow I felt glad.

"I'll do my bit," I assured him

"There's no way out?" he asked—a negative inflection in his voice answering his own question.

"No," I said; then, seeing something ahead: "But hold! There's one chance in a thousand for us to get thru!"

Without waiting to explain further, I quickly acted upon my inspiration, and, plying my paddle furiously, I started the proa straight for the war canoe still lying by the schooner.

"What do you intend to do?" Captain Standish asked, dropping to the deck beside me as the jerky progress of the proa under my energetic strokes made standing uncertain.

"Think there's a little more space this way—they won't expect us to return—take a chance!" I puffed out between dips of my paddle.

"Good boy, Alonzo," he encouraged.

Then I felt that I'd fight twice the number of savages surrounding us for Captain Standish.

But the cannibals were busy also. They saw me start, and guessed my intent. And the taunting yells of derision they hurled made me madder than a fighting-cock gets when he hears another challenging bird crow and he can't get at him.

I wanted a crack at one black head at least—and chances stood a couple of hundred to one that my wish would be granted, and I prayed to be spared long enough to "get" several kinky pates.

Swiftly he drew down upon the lone canoe blocking our only passage of escape. Equally fast the three pursuing craft, each propelled by twenty paddles, closed in on us. But we had about fifty yards start.

The warriors in the big dugout ahead jeered and mocked at us—they lay directly in our path—they waved their arms and weapons in their excitement. This cat-and-mouse game was pleasing to them.

"Let 'em rave!" Captain Standish muttered; "they'll find that these rats have teeth," and he picked up my bolo from where it lay in its sheath near at hand.

"Some machete!" he remarked as he drew it from the leather and hefted it with a vengeful lunge.

"It's good steel," I answered proudly. I knew of no hands I would rather it would be in besides my own.

I still had my little kris, and loosened it in my belt with a quick gesture.

The oarsmen of the canoe ahead lazily plied their paddles to keep their boat broadside on to me. That twenty-foot length of hewn timber looked a full-sized battleship ready to stop our advance. I didn't know just how we were to get around it—but we were on our way. And the fifty yards leeway astern was yet good.

I sized up the boat ahead and the men in it carefully. The chieftain, still wearing the huge white headdress, suddenly stood up directly in the middle of the craft. As if his rising were a signal, two torches flared—one in the bow and one in the stern of his boat.

The shining faces of grinning savages, fiendish in anticipation, gleamed like a black sea of torment thru which it seemed we must cut and plow our way. Their glittering white teeth, looming up as lips curled back, then disappearing, seemed like whitecaps of trouble breaking on ruffled waters. These blacks were large men, muscular and active. They had hair that stood out from their heads like kinky bushes, and shell ornaments were stuck in the thick mat of it. About their groins some wore a grass-woven, shell-bespangled war-belt, which, as I have since learned, being blessed by the priests of their tribe, were supposed to ward off enemies' spears or blade-thrusts, and others also had bracelets of whole shells slipped on their forearms.

The chief was the biggest man of all. His feather headdress made him seem even larger as he stood towering shoulders above even his personal bodyguard, who stood dignifiedly at attention beside him, the black with the krislike sword who had despatched a sailor during the deck-fight on the schooner.

The chief's face was the most villainous I ever hope to see. He had scroll tattoo on each cheek, a bone inserted in the middle membrane of his nose that, white and bleached, made a grotesque, ghastly appearance, like two luminous holes in the black skin of his cheeks, and his earlobes were pierced, each with a long bone that bobbed about horizontally, parallel to his head. These bones, I later found out, were human, severed from victims beside the feasting fire. Towering from a narrow, fitted scalp-piece, the feathered headdress spread fanlike above him.

His eyes were almost hidden by all the deforming ornaments, but at close range I saw them, and they matched the crafty villainy of the rest of his face—they were piglike in their smallness—I did not care to look into them.

We drew nearer.

I dipped my paddle a little slower as I looked for an opening.

"Get up in the bow, captain," I said, "and chop any hand that tries to detain us—I'm going to make a break past their stern between them and the schooner!"

"Go to it, Alonzo!" he readily responded, quickly clambering forward.

The clamor the savages made with their incessant yelling had brought the two ladies from under cover. Mother Zuribar crouched in the cockpit of my canoe, alternately peering over the gunwale ahead and trying to pull Miss Standish down beside her. But the girl would persist in standing erect in full view where she could see well.

I was glad the savages had no firearms or even throwing-spears, or they might have taken a shot at the white-clad figure.

My intent was to go fast right close up to the canoe, amidship—just out of arm-reach—then swerve sharply to go around her stern. I relied on my proa's quicker response to the paddle in circumventing the more sluggish bigger boat.

At racing speed I drove down upon the grinning cannibals. Captain Standish stood ready on the bow, one hand holding the mast, the other my bolo.

Splash! Splash! Splash! I dug deep and pulled heavy with my paddle. Like a catapult I launched our seeming attack. The ruse worked. The chieftain stepped to one side of the middle of his boat, and the nearest paddlemen shipped their blades in readiness to grab my boat's bow when she struck.

Ten feet intervened. Five feet. "Now," I thought, and, reaching out, I swept my proa's stern sharply around broadside to the expectant murderers. Those reaching out eagerly to clutch us fell disconcerted into the water. Confusion overtook the others for a moment, then the crisp commands of their chief brought order again.

But I had gained half a boat-length. Now we were even with their stern, and if I could only make a little more speed, then I could round them and be clear.

The three pursuing canoes were gaining on us. We were broadside to them.

I lunged my paddle in. Valiantly my light boat responded. We were gaining. I heard a cry from Captain Standish.

"Take that, you devil!" he yelled as I saw him raise the bolo and suddenly swing his full weight in a blow at some one in the water.

Then I heard a dull thud. A satisfied grunt came from the captain as he straightened again. A splotch of red showed on the bolo blade, and I thought I heard a gurgle from the water below me. My paddle hit some yielding object.

I worked as I had never worked before. We needed another foot to make it clear. The stern of my proa was even with the stern of the enemies' double-ended canoe. Only thirty yards yet remained between us and the schooner. The extra foot leeway needed to slip thru the fast-closing gap must be made up in that thirty yards.

I gritted my teeth and tried harder.

"Every little bit helps!" I heard a soft voice say, and glancing down in the cockpit below I saw Miss Standish bending over the far side with a cocoanut-shell, that was my dinner dish, paddling as hard as her girlish arms would allow her. And she wasn't over five feet from black, clutching hands that would gladly close on her supple wrist at the first chance.

I nodded my approval.

ONLY twenty yards of open water remained. The surrounding boats were close. Beads of sweat poured from my face as I realized what capture meant for the women.

Each stroke drew a grunt from me. I did try hard. But our relative positions remained the same. I despaired of making it; thought my attempt was to be failure.

But suddenly the canoe beside us, urged in its race by twenty stalwart blacks stimulated to hard effort by their chief's lashing tongue, lagged. I could have cried out in delight. I seemed to gain strength. The distance needed was almost ours. Ten yards, only thirty short feet, remained to gain another four inches—four short inches. Eagerly, with renewed hope, I went at it. Four inches between life and death—and—I looked at Miss Standish as she bent to her self-appointed task of paddling with a cocoanut-shell.

"And Mother Zuribar said the captain's bride on the Saucy Belle was fair like her; that she, Mother Zuribar,

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wanted me to——" But I laughed inwardly at the very foolishness of such a thought as my getting a girl like that. "Some Koki maid for me when marrying time comes," I thought.

Strange things will go rambling thru my head at critical moments.

The distance to be made lessened—the space we could gain it in lessened seemingly more rapidly. Only five yards in which to make up two inches.

Another heave at my paddle, and my boat spurted ahead.

Now she goes, I decided. With a short dig I cut straight across the enemy's stern.

Then a peculiar thing happened, and I understood why their speed had slackened.

As the heavy war canoe, driven by its twenty paddles, rushed at us, apparently bent upon our destruction, I caught a glimpse of a figure climbing over the far side of the stern. And a crazy, cracked laugh came to my ears as this man I saw clinging where his body must have slowed their progress, gained a foothold in the boat. As we passed free—not by an inch, but just barely clear of the war canoe—a confusion, a consternation, seemed to have taken possession of the enemy.

The kinky heads that had been thrust forward over the stern, waiting to grab us, were quickly withdrawn. Two of them I saw grasped in two hamlike hands, then cracked together till my own ached in sympathy. Black men began appearing in all manner of sprawling positions in midair, pitched up by some herculean combatant who laughed crazily as he did it.

"Urido!" I yelled. Only a "Ha! Ha!" was my answer.

It was Urido. He had been ejected once by these warriors and supposedly done for—but he had swam about, biding his time.

Before the crew of blacks could be steadied into united defense he had worked his way down the middle of the boat near to where the captain stood. Urido very apparently was after that man.

"Allatambour! Allatambour!" he began to yell, and by the insane strength of him did feats I imagined impossible. He threw men bodily into the air—irrespective of where the might land—he was clearing a path to that chief. And he had no weapons but his bare hands and feet.

The cannibals seemed afraid of him. I remembered that he had been to the Triplets before, and wondered if they remembered him.

He had made violent war right up to the personal bodyguard of the chieftain—the man with the large krislike sword. No one of the blacks, or any bunch of them, seemed able to stop the insane Chimoro; he cleared the way of men as if they were paper dolls obstructing his passage.

But this big black with the sword had very likely been picked for his nerve and strength—he was a towering bulk of a man—and he stood ready. With the glittering steel blade held high aloft in both hands, he leaned back to deliver a decapitating blow on Urido.

And I was afraid for our crazy friend. "Look out, Urido!" I yelled.

Urido seemed unawares of his danger. He heedlessly plowed his way forward.

The big guard's muscles drew taut for the swing. The sword started in its descent when Urido, doubling like a jackknife, suddenly launched an attack on the black giant below the waist.

This was unexpected, and from the startled look on the negro's face as he began to ascend in Urido's arms it must have been contrary to all rules of the game. His mighty swing with the sword went for naught. The blade clattered from his grasp and rang loudly as it hit the bottom of the boat. Its owner was then hurled to join his mates in the water.

Urido, now that he was right beside the man he was after, got some crazy notion, and, turning, picked up the krislike sword—jumped to the boat's gunwale—let out a cracked laugh, and dove straight into the sea.

I slackened my efforts with the paddle, rather hoping he would come our way. He did.

Captain Standish, realizing that he was a friend after seeing him in action, offered to help him aboard.

But Urido laughed and, sword still in hand, he clambered up onto the bow to his old place.

Then I got busy, for at sight of Urido carrying their sword, and in our boat, a mighty furor rose from all four canni-bal canoes. We still lay in the circle of glare from the burning torches, and I knew our own safety lay in speed.

The wild cries that came from the negroes, the chief included, made me wonder. The tone was different. The cries were not jeering nor taunting, but more vengeful—as I imagine a troop of soldiers might yell if they saw their company flag being carried off. And why not? I did not know then, but I found out that we had Allatambour's sacred sword with us. If I had but known.

Urido had by force taken it from the official custodian. The blacks believed they could nevermore be victorious in battle if they did not recover it.

And I thought we had run a real race before—perish the thought!

With Allatambour's sacred sword in the hands of the mad Urido, and the five occupants of Alonzo's canoe striving to reach land ahead of their fiendish pursuers, their situation has now become a race with death. There are many thrills in the next installment of this interesting narrative. Get part three in next week's Ledger.

* * *

A Royal Riddle

(Continued From Page 18.)

usually colorless cheeks.

"Enter, the gentleman burglar," he laughed, "but you, and not my burglarious intentions, inspired this makeup."

"I don't know what you mean, Nayland."

"I mean that we're going to be housebreakers for a night. We're going after Mademoiselle Juliette and the little Crown Prince. If I wanted to let the police in on this we wouldn't have to burgle, but it's worth the chance to see Monsieur Henriot's astonishment when he learns that I've beaten him to it."

"You really know where little Rupert is?"

"Yes. Hear the rain slashing down outside. Phew! It's a wicked night. Get your raincoat and goloshes, honey. We're going to share this adventure."

She kissed him for that.

Ten minutes later they were skidding thru the rain in Bagby's car. The girl did not know where they were going, and she did not care. It was enough that Nayland was with her.

They drew up in a neighborhood that was entirely unfamiliar to her eyes, and scudded before a gust of wind into an alley that ended in a cul-de-sac against the rear of a building. Bagby wasted not a single move. There was a window looking out on the alley. It was locked, but the detective removed a circle of glass, and opened it. From the feel of stone under their feet and a faint, greasy smell it was evident that they had landed in the kitchen.

Bagby seized Joy's hand, and led her swiftly down a passage. Somewhere a sonorous-toned clock boomed the hour of twelve. Joy shivered with delightful anticipation, and wondered if there was going to be a deadly scrimmage. A fan of light from Bagby's pocket torch spread itself against a door. He drew a skeleton key from his pocket, fitted it into the lock, and flung the portal open.

He slipped in, with Joy beside him, and closed the door behind them. A beautiful woman in an organdie gown, who had been lying on a sumptuous lounge, a cigarette between her lips, sprang up with a startled exclamation. Bagby swept her a bow, exquisitely continental in its grace, but when he straightened up there was an automatic in his hand.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Juliette," he said, "journeys end in—ah, well, not lover's greetings in this case. Joy, will you step down the hall and bring his majesty here. I imagine he is in the reception-room. And, you—behind the curtain, there——" he swung the menacing muzzle of his weapon toward the crimson draperies—"come out, or I'll send a bullet looking for you!"

General Melnich, his ruddy, weather-roughened face the color of a cock's wattles, stepped from his concealment!

"What the devil does this mean——" he began, when King Philip's cool voice cut in from the doorway: "Mr. Bagby, I demand an explanation."

"You shall have it directly. And I may as well say, General Melinch, that your bluff won't go. If I were guessing, your very theatrical pose might throw me off the scent—but I'm not guessing. I am just as sure that you were an accomplice in the Prince's abduction as I am that you killed Augustus Pottle!"

The king turned to his chief of staff, and there was a lengthening silence as the two men, motionless, looked into each other's eyes. The level gaze of the old soldier held a faint horror. To Joy it seemed as tho everything in the world had dropped away except his eyes. They lit like dagger points catching the sunlight.

"You—you stole my son?" asked the king thickly. "Where is he? Where is he?"

Juliette's wide irised eyes grew brilliant with hate. "You cunning, cunning fiend!" she cried. "Oh, there's no use holding out any more. The Prince is in this secret room." She crossed to a paneled wall and slid one of them open. It disclosed a small room, out of which ran a fair-haired, 12-year-old boy, who flung himself in his father's arms with an incoherent cry of delight.

The woman bowed mockingly. "His royal highness!" she said.

King Phillip turned a ghastly face on her. "Have you anything to say before you are arrested? Melnich will go back to Moiravia to face a court-martial. You will face the French police, and if you have anything to say to Mr. Bagby—any thing that may tend to clear you—I would advise you to do it."

Juliette laughed. "I might as well. Two years ago when you refused that concession to Pottle we decided that we could force you by abducting the Crown Prince. General Melnich had lost his passionate, if aged heart, to me, and he helped me get into your entourage. When you came to Paris he insisted that you engage this house, because of its secret, sound-proof chambers, for we knew that the safest place to keep Rupert would be in your own residence. Clever idea, don't you think? The abduction itself was easy. The man, Mettmann, was in our pay, and, as there is a staircase running down behind the box to the stage in the Opera, there was nothing to do but lead the little Prince out to the street.

"Then you insisted on calling in Monsieur Bagby. Melnich did his best again, omitting an address on the telegram, so that, if Pottle's agents failed to stop him, we could lead him into a trap here. That pig, Muggins, spoiled it.

"Nanteau? He was a thief known to Pottle in the old days, and we had decided when the opportunity came, to take the Prince to Croix Rouge Farm. After I had foolishly spoken with you, Monsieur Bagby, as I would have to the real Doctor Kitts, I became suspicious, and telephoned Pottle. He came at once. We placed Etienne in the limousine, and Pottle departed for the farm by motor. I to Jaulgonne by train, where he picked me up.

"In the meantime my dear Melnich learned that I was married to Pottle. He became inflamed, followed us there, and killed Pottle, Mon Dieu! what a struggle it was. I see it yet in my dreams. Nanteau was the only witness, and we knew that he would say nothing. Melnich and I returned to Paris together. Then we planned to rid ourselves of you and the beautiful Miss Hudson at the Chateau de Marmont. I told the old imbecile that the pistol or the knife was best, but he would use his snakes—he had three of the horrible things. Well, it is all in a lifetime. And now that I have told you what you desire to know be pleased to tell me how you came so quickly upon us?"

Bagby joined his finger-tips in his old, pedantic way, and smiled amiably. "The case," he said, "tho unusual in some respects, was not particularly

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difficult of solution. From the beginning we knew that you and Pottle were involved. From the way in which the abduction was carried out I knew, further, that you must have had aid from the inside.

"Probably it would have taken me longer than it did to locate that person had it not been for the very theatrical attempt to snuff out my life in the Chateau. Rattlesnakes are certainly a rarity in France. I knew that Melnich was an arden zoologist, and certainly the only person in the king's entourage likely to have such a gristly pet. It was a link, certainly.

"The conclusive proof was the portrait that I was able to construct from the evidence I collected at La Velie. Then, I was confident that General Melnich was implicated in both the abduction and the murder. Of course, that did not give me an inkling as to where the Prince was hidden. I was positive that he was in the city. With a man as intelligent as the General I could expect a most unusual place. It occurred to me that the king's residence was certainly the most unlikely one in the city.

"I made it my business to see the builder, for it was impossible to keep little Rupert hidden unless there were secret chamber. He informed me where the only hidden sound-proof room in the house was located, and—so I just came here. That is all."

He picked up his hat, touched Joy on the arm. She was staring in fascinated silence at the doomed officer. The man was as good as dead already. In her mind's eye she could see a gibbet, and that sturdy body turning . . . turning . . . in the soft Moravian wind. There was no pity in King Phillip's face. He would be merciless to the man who had betrayed him. There could be no question as to that.

The monarch touched a bell. A sentry, with a fixed bayonet entered. Melnich saluted impassively, and walked out behind him. A moment later, in answer to the low-voiced command, another led Juliette away, to await the coming of the gendarmes.

King Phillip was too occupied with little Rupert to pay much attention to the detective and Joy Hudson, tho his native courtesy forced him to make some slight effort. As they were going he spoke perfunctorily about mailing the check.

Bagby halted, smiling. "Send it to White Marsh Hills, Long Island," he said. "Our home"—he squeezed Joy's hand—"is there, and, as I intend buying my wife a De Berry-Paquin car as a memento of this little episode, the money will not come amiss. Good night, your majesty."

The End.

THIMBLE! THIMBLE!

(Continued From Page 4)

After that he had an inner consciousness of being something else to her. Anyhow, it comforted him to think so, and he thanked his heavenly Father for the boon of hope.

He returned to his office, after seeing the big liner carry Di away and worked with renewed energy. He became unceasing in his efforts to make a position and capital that would make him worthy of Di.

Six months later she was married to Lord Banister.

And now, here she was, after five years, sitting before him, more beautiful than he had dreamed possible, a widow, and hanging over her the suspicion of a serious crime.

When Di looked up from her handkerchief, where she had buried her face for several minutes, she encountered Larry's gaze fixed tenderly upon her.

"I suppose we must get at this wretched business," she said, indicating the pile of newspapers on his desk. She smiled faintly, but the color had gone from her cheeks and the light from her eyes. "You won't let them arrest me until you hear from England, will you, Larry?"

She paused a moment, then went on:

"It's all lies, lies, lies," she said emphatically.

For a moment Larry's face brightened, but no one knew better than he how difficult it is to prove that lies are lies. The story flatly stated that Lady Banister had sailed from England with five hundred thousand dollars worth of jewels in her possession, the property of the Earl of Hardcaster. The story went on to say that the case had not been turned over to Scotland Yard because the Earl was very sure that the American woman had them, and that his agents in New York would act as soon as he gave them instructions.

"There is to be no talk of arrest," Larry said resolutely. "I'll raise heaven and earth to see the thing thru all right, but you must tell me everything, Di. We know that you could never do anything contemptible, but you know we must give this denial as much publicity as the Earl has given to the accusation."

Di set her features sternly.

"Don't be too sure of that, Larry," she warned. "I'm a perfect little beast, but I couldn't help it. Look at that story. They have deliberately left out who the Earl of Hardcaster is, to make it sensational. I have not stolen the jewels. It is absurd."

Larry drew a deep breath of relief.

"Do you know where they are, Di?" he ventured.

"Of course, you stupid old Larry. They are in my wardrobe at Belden, Connecticut, where they belong."

The lawyer gave a low whistle.

"Will you tell me?" he asked slowly, "who is the Earl of Hardcaster?"

"He is the heir to my husband's estates, and everything that was his—except me and the pension the British government settled on officers' widows."

"Including the family jewels?" said Larry, beginning to see light.

"Yes, including the family jewels," repeated Di. "According to the silly English laws property, titles, jewels and everything worthwhile are left to the next male relative. Widows and daughters mean nothing to them when it comes to making out a will. Some stupid old, or young, reprobate whom the family has perhaps never seen because he is a ninety-ninth cousin and bears the family name inherits everything."

"But if that is the English law, Di, we must abide by it. Don't you see that, yourself?"

"No. I do not see it, myself," she said sharply. "I'm not English and I don't have to abide by their old laws."

"But you married an Englishman. That makes you an Englishwoman," he reminded her.

"Now, Larry, do be a good lawyer or I'll take my case elsewhere," she said impatiently. "Don't you know that a widow can claim protection from her own country?"

"Yes, Di, but the jewels," Tilton faltered, completely nonplussed by her reasoning.

"Possession is nine points of the law," she said firmly. "I intend to keep them long enough to prove that they are mine; then I will make up my mind what I shall do with them."

"But, Di, that's what they call stealing." Larry was aghast. Suddenly it occurred to him that she might be teasing him. Di must have changed terribly if those were her real sentiments. He was soon undeceived, however, by her next words.

"Don't you dare call me a thief. Whew, what a horrid word! Those jewels were put on my precious little person to be presented at the English court, and if I am a thief now, I was a thief then, and I would have you know that Queen Mary doesn't receive doubtful people. One must be of irreproachable standing to gain admittance to her court; so there."

She stopped for breath and looked at him defiantly.

"I recall that occasion," Larry said, remembering the pang it had caused him. "I cut out the story from the Sunday papers. You must have looked magnificent, Di."

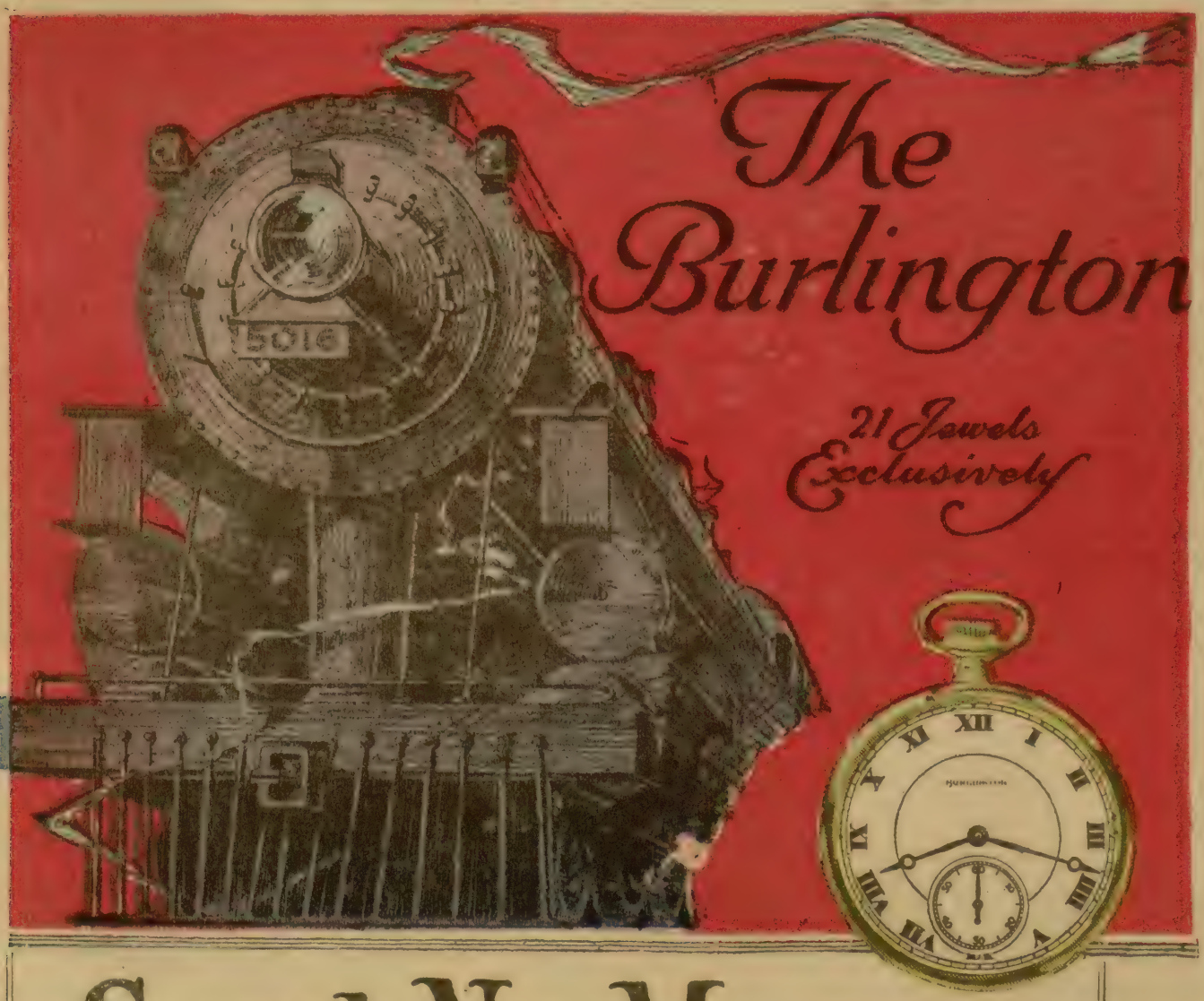
"Perhaps," she said indifferently, "but let's get back to the present story."

LARRY detected a slight tremor in her voice and the color had not returned to her cheeks. He noticed, too, that she had relaxed from her erect posture she had taken at first and leaned languidly back in the chair. Altogether her attitude belied the confidence of her words.

"We must fix up a complete denial of this exaggerated stuff," he said, pointing to the papers. "God knows how the story will have grown by tonight. Then we can go into particulars tomorrow, after you are rested. I would like to go home with you, if you will let me. What train are you going on?"

She didn't answer his request to go home with her.

"Tom, my brother, brought me in the car and he will call for me at 2 o'clock,"



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she said, "but you may give me some lunch, Larry."

"If I go home with you we can talk after dinner. You will feel more like yourself at home than you do in this stuffy office," he pleaded.

Larry would have been seriously nettled if any one else had called his office stuffy. It was anything but that.

"Of course you can go home with us if you like, Larry," she answered indifferently. "But I'd much rather finish this business here. You know a lawyer's office is the proper place to be disagreeable in, and I feel that we are going to be perfectly horrid."

The "go home with us" was not lost on Larry, but her consent to let him go was a beginning, and he felt grateful.

"There's no reason why we should disagree, Di, dear," he said hopefully. "Your explanation so far has clarified things wonderfully. You can't imagine how terribly upset I was feeling before you came in. I ought to have known, tho, that you would clear everything up in a jiffy."

"Have you any suggestion to make?" Di asked abruptly.

"Why, yes," Larry said briskly. "If that musty old Earl—I presume he is old—wants his baubles back he can have them. I guess we have as good jewelry in the United States as anything over there, eh, Di? Let's tell him that we expected to duplicate them here, but we have changed our minds because the designs in this country are much more desirable, and so we are returning them. Don't you think that something like that would settle the whole thing?"

At first Di listened impatiently and would have interrupted him, but something checked her. Larry fancied he had made a point to keep his voice as near as possible to the old time tone. He believed he had armed himself against taking advantage of her present difficulties, but he was also anxious not to lose, or at least, to regain every inch of the old time footing. In order to carry out his plan he compelled himself to forget the past five years. For the time being, Lady Banister was unknown. The little lady sitting in his office was Di, come to coax for something that her mother thought she shouldn't have.

Larry's calculations were all very fine, as far as they went, but he was figuring without Di. Five years of European society teaches a beautiful woman every note of the human voice. The caressing tones Larry had always used to her had been lost on the child, but with Lady Banister it was different.

Suddenly, it seemed to him, she raised her head, and looked his squarely in the eyes. Under her searching gaze his own eyes fell and he began to fidget with some papers on his desk. His hands shook miserably. In a second, however, he had recovered his self-possession.

"You see, Di——"

She interrupted him quickly.

"I don't think, after all, Larry, there is any occasion to be horrid," she said gently. "I am sure you want to help me all you can, so what's the use of quarreling? Of course, I can't do what you propose because the Earl is not the only factor in the case. There's that horrible Spanish woman. I've got to fight her."

Larry straightened up with renewed attention.

"What Spanish woman?" he asked quickly.

"Lord Banister's sister-in-law," Di said rather enjoying his surprise.

"I didn't know that your late husband had a brother," he faltered.

"That shows how much interest you have shown in my affairs," she teased.

"It wasn't lack of interest, Di. I'll explain that later, but tell me about your brother-in-law," he said seriously.

Here was complication with a vengeance.

"He was the late Earl of Hardcaster," Di began, "fifteen years older than my husband, and it was supposed that he would never marry because his fiancee was killed in an accident and he nearly died of grief. In fact, he told me so himself.

"He sent to the bank for the jewels the day before I was presented at court. While he was putting them on me he said that as he himself never intended to marry, the greatest tribute he could pay to his family heirlooms was to place them on my neck and brow. Those were identically his own words. It isn't my fault if he changed his mind. Is it really, Larrykins?"

"What does he say about the gems, now?" queried the lawyer, puzzled beyond words.

"He can't say anything," Di said imperturbably. "He's dead."

"Of course, I begin to see light," Larry said, with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

"Now for the Spanish woman."

"The light you see comes from the fire in my eye when I think of that woman," Di said irritably.

"In that case I'm glad she's in Spain. I hope she will remain there," Tilton said tartly.

"Oh, but she's not in Spain," Di informed him.

"Do you know where she is?"

"To the best of my knowledge, she is on the Atlantic, following me."

"Hum. The plot thickens," Larry said, pretending to take some notes, but really thinking quickly how he could say disagreeable things to Di without offending her.

"If the Spanish woman's husband was the late Earl of Hardcaster she would have prior claim to his valuables, but if the new Earl is demanding them I see no reason why you should feel that you are giving up the gems to her," he said pacifically.

"But you forget, Larry, the late Earl didn't give them to her," Di reminded him.

"But he married her, Di, and——"

"Yes, yes. I know what you are going to say . . . according to law they belong to her. She is a horrid concert hall singer. She sang for the soldiers at Galipoli, where my late brother-in-law was stationed. She hypnotized him into marrying her. The poor man was on his deathbed. If you saw her, Larry, you would never take sides with her."

She jerked out these sentences angrily. It was in vain that the lawyer tried to explain to her that he was not taking sides with the Spanish woman, and that he was just looking the case fairly in the face. She would not listen to him.

"She is the kind of a woman who would bulldoze the gems from the old Earl," Di went on rapidly. "Do you know, she actually boasted to me that six soldiers had asked to marry her. I nursed in France for three years, until I got ill." The anger died out of her voice and a sob rose in her throat. "I have watched with many dying soldiers. Some poor boys passed away in my arms, and some died shortly after I had left them, but none of them ever wanted to marry me. A woman who talks as she does is impossible, and you will say so when you see her," she concluded.

Larry had listened patiently to her irregular reasoning, puzzling his brains to know how best to divert her mind from its present evasion of legal procedure.

"I think you are underestimating the acquisitiveness of the new Earl," he said judicially. "A man who would cause such unpleasant publicity to a member of his family is not likely to relinquish the prize. I think it is quite safe to turn the jewels over to him. He will know how to protect them from a mercenary Spanish singer."

There was a far-away look on Lady Banister's face when Larry finished speaking.

"I have an inward conviction that the late Earl intended me to keep those gems, or he would not have given them to me," she said decisively. "He firmly intended to remain a bachelor, and he believed that the family's destiny rested with me. The present Earl is a distant cousin, quite old, and with very little of the family blood in his veins. The title dies with him, and I have very good reason to believe that my brother-in-law's wishes are not unknown to him."

"But he is distinctly unfriendly," Larry argued. "One's bitterest enemy could go no further to show it than he has."

"I don't believe that the Earl has had anything to do with it," she replied, "and that is just what I want to explain to you. I want you to get a denial of the whole thing from him, instead of from me."

"You mean that you are going to return the jewels, and ask him to publicly deny the story of your taking them from England?" Larry asked in relieved tones.

Di shook her head hopelessly

"No, no, you stupid Larrykins. You are obsessed with the idea of sending back my wonderful treasure. It is impossible. The Earl must deny the story, but I shall retain the jewels."

"But how, Di? You will have to be more explicit. There is much to the story that you have not told me. What does this wonderful treasure consist of, and where has it been for the last five years, or since you wore it at court?" Larry asked.

Di was neither mercenary nor vain, but when Larry asked about the jewels her heart swelled for a few moments with a sense of pride in the ownership of such a rare collection.

"The valuables consist of wonderfully fine diamonds and emeralds. There is nothing like them in the world. They can neither be matched nor duplicated. The value mentioned in the newspapers is purely imaginary, because they are priceless. The Earls of Hardcaster have have taken centuries to collect them. I was the first woman who was not the wife of a reigning earl, to wear them. And they have been in my possession ever since. When I was in France I kept them in the safe of my London house." she explained with admirable dignity.

"Did no one oppose your keeping them before?" queried Larry.

"Three days after I wore them at court my husband and his brother were called to join their regiments, and shortly after that war was declared. England had too much to think about from then on to worry about family heirlooms."

"WHEN I returned from France, long after my husband's and his brother's death, the new Earl was in possession of the Hardcaster estates, except my London home which was finally settled upon me as long as I live."

"And the new Earl," Larry said; "what about him?"

Tilton fancied he saw a slight smile tremble around Di's mouth.

"He is old, is he not," he asked jealously, "I think you said he was very old, didn't you, Di?"

Now he was almost certain there was a roguish twinkle in her eye, which she as quickly concealed.

"Yes. Indeed, he is very, very old," she said solemnly. "He is at least 40."

"Oh," grunted Larry, "That's not old."

"While I was ill in London, the new Earl was very kind to me. He called several times and brought me gifts. One was a dear little Pekinese dog."

"Did he ever mention the jewels?" Larry asked.

"He only mentioned them once, and then it was I who broached the subject. When I told him they were still in the house he strongly urged me to return them to the bank where it was customary to keep them. But I didn't follow his advice, altho at that time I had no particular reason for not doing so. But a few weeks before I sailed from England I received a visit from a woman who said she was the widow of the late Earl, and a man who was supposed to be a lawyer.

"She asked me point-blank for the jewels, after showing me some legal-looking documents, which she said were

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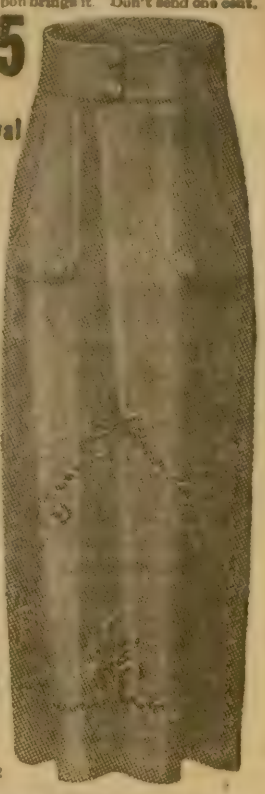

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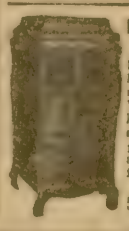

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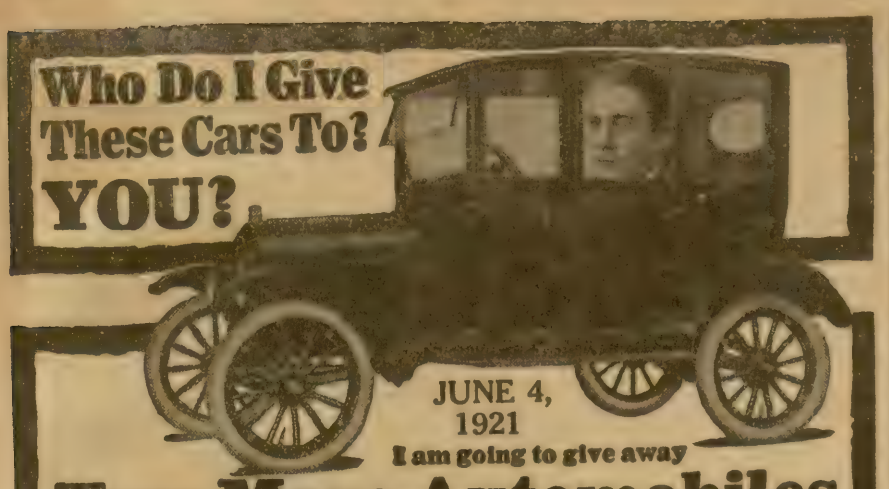

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marriage certificates, and so forth. Needless to say I point-blank refused to even listen to her claims. When I referred her to the Earl or his lawyer she told me that she had come directly from them, and they had instructed her to come to me and get the family heirlooms in my possession. She had a minute list of my jewelry, even my wedding presents, which had nothing to do with the family.

"Aside from their absurd errand, there was something about the couple which I can't explain. They aroused the most horrible suspicions that I have ever been guilty of. I was unable to breathe freely while they were in the room; they suffocated me. The woman was undeniably beautiful, but her magnificent eyes were shifty and dangerous; the glances which she shot from her long dark lashes were like glistening daggers. Her mouth, tho exquisitely formed, was suspicious and insincere. Her hair was black as a raven's wing, and her features and complexion were extraordinarily perfect. There is no doubt that in a fascinating mood she could be very charming, but I didn't see her under agreeable conditions. My impressions of her were that she could love and kill in a very quick succession of moods.

"The man was even worse than the Spanish woman. Think of all the worst men you have ever heard of and I believe he was worse than any of them."

"How did you get rid of them?" Larry asked.

"By offering to call up the Earl's lawyer," she laughed. "The man said they would go back to the Earl of Hardcaster and turn the matter over to him. We parted, in the only way possible, on the very worst of terms. The woman threatened all sorts of things that seemed impossible of fulfillment, but there is no doubt that she will find some way of annoying me. I feel sure that this outrageous story about the jewels is a sample of her pernicious activity."

"I believe you're right," declared Tilton, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Tell me some more, Di. You are a perfect mine of valuable information."

"My suspicions of the woman were verified the day after her visit to me. I was called to the beside of the Earl, who was suffering from an unusually bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism. He told me he had not seen the Spanish woman. He said that she had written, requesting an interview, but he had referred her to his lawyer, who was then investigating her claims. The Earl got better, but when I sailed from England he was still confined to his room. I called on him just before leaving, to say good-by."

"Did you acquaint the Earl with your suspicions of the couple?" Larry asked.

"I didn't have to," Di said with emphasis. "After feigning to have received an order from him, they were self-condemned."

While Di had been speaking, Larry listened attentively, and his lawyer mind worked briskly.

"You have not told me your worst suspicions of that woman," he said, looking keenly at her.

"No. And I don't intend to until you give me some lunch," she said decisively. "In fact, I think I have told you enough for you to cable to the Earl. For the rest, any time will do."

"Just one word more," Larry said briefly. "In your last visit to the Earl was anything said about the Spanish woman, or the jewels?"

"Nothing except that very little had been learned about her marriage; doubtless on account of the difficulties of communication abroad brought on by the war. The jewels were not mentioned."

"Good. That's fine. Now while you put on your gloves I'll dictate a message or two," he said alertly, "and then we'll go to luncheon. By that time Tom will be here, and we'll adjourn until tomorrow. Your explanation has clarified the air and I know pretty well now, where we stand." Which shows how little a mere lawyer can know about a case which involves a half million dollars in rare jewels. For much was to happen to Larry and Lady Di in the days to come!

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❧ ❧ ❧

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If you think her cold, say it with snowdrops and freesias.

If you desire to marry her, say it with a poppy.

If you know she has a sweet tooth, say it with candytuft.

If she impresses you as a sad girl, say it with rue.

If she is of a happy, joyous nature, say it with gladiolas.

If she seems a prunes and prisms sort of girl, say it with prinula.

If you think her a sour, sharp-tongued old maid, say it with snapdragon, catnip and a century plant.

Current Stuff and Hot Biscuits.

"COME to dinner," said Mrs. Jamble to her husband. "This is the third time I have said it, and I want you to sit down and eat before everything gets cold. Nobody in this house ever comes promptly to the table, and it makes me so mad! You can read that magazine just as well after dinner."

"Now, there is where you are mistaken!" replied Jamble in a tone of deep conviction. "This stuff that I find so interesting now won't interest me at all after dinner. I don't know how it is, but that's a fact. When I have plenty of time to read and nothing else to do nothing interests me at all. The boundary of Albany Park, the revival of the blue laws, the cost of battleships, the life and adventures of a certain kind of bug, the longevity of the Gila monster, the number of calories in a carrot—all these things fail to attract me further than the pictures.

"I throw the magazine away and pick up the paper without any better results. The doings of the gangsters, the progress of the presidential Cabinet and the hill-climbing superiority of the Silklike six tempt me not.

"But let the doorbell or the dinner bell or the telephone bell sound its summoning jingle and immediately the articles in the periodical assume a wonderful interest for me. Not only do I become absorbed in one article, but I glance at adjacent pages and note that there are other articles which interest me strangely and which clamor for reading.

"Suddenly I find myself keenly curious as to the latest developments in spirit rappings. I want to plunge deeply into the article about gases and their probable effect upon meridians of latitude and longitude as discussed by Roscoe Arbuckle, professor of synthetic chemistry at Wiggs University, Kansas. I become anxious to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the latest statistics about balloons and ballooning. I am interested in the Macedonian fig and thrilled as to the revolutionary influence which it is to have upon the established theories of the dietitians and food speculators.

"I lay the book down reluctantly, resolved to pick it up again just as soon as the dinner is dispatched, the friend admitted, and got rid of, or business transacted over the phone. But when I pick it up again I cannot find any of the interesting things and the ones I do find pall upon me until just prior to the next interruption."

"That is because blessings brighten as they take their flight," replied the young college student, "which also applies to biscuits. There are now only four left."

The bright young man thereupon helped himself to one of the four, an action which caused the father of the family to assume an attitude of acute appreciation of these articles of food.

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Doubts Dispelled.

"WHAT'S happened to Blondie all of a sudden?" asked Claudine of the rapid-fire restaurant. "She's been in the indigo for days, but now she's as chirky as a medder lark."

"She's satisfied about Spike," replied Heloise of the same establishment. "She asked him on the street last night if he really and truly loved her, and he slapped her jaw right in front of a picture show for having any doubt of it."

Stop Guessing Try Pyramid

If You have Come to Such Misery as Itching or Protruding Piles Try Pyramid Pile Suppositories

Pyramid Pile Suppositories have been the household reliance for

more than two decades. You've no idea what blessed relief is until you use Pyramid. Get a 60c box today at the drug store anywhere in the U. S. or Canada, but do not take any substitute.

They are used in the privacy of your own home and you can have a free trial by sending your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 607 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

For Ledger Girls and Boys

A Ragged Little Waif of the Seas

By HERMAN M. DREZINSKI.

HE WAS a sleepy little Spanish boy with a very red face, stubbled with black hair, steeped in the first stages of workaday slumber, and incongruously lined with wrinkles befitting old age. He sat on the splintery, erosion-carved deck stringer of the apron of the long Girod street wharf, a grimy hand at a brow smutted with something resembling axle grease, his black-stained tan shoes and the greasy stains on his trousers.

It was 8 o'clock of a mid-week day. Dusky longshoremen were beginning to troop down to their work, their coats thrown over their shoulders, their blue jumpers flapping in the cooling breezes from the Mississippi. The drums of the winches on a nearby steamer commenced to rumble as the falls let down into gaping hatches the cargo for a cross-sea journey—cargo made in the factories and ateliers of New Orleans and bound for Calcutta, or Oran, or Orleansville, away up near the rim of Africa.

The cargo booms, to the roar of the drums, swung round in midair and groped about for some resting place—for the openings in the hatchways into which would be let down the freight for a world's use, coffee and cotton, lumber and machinery, and the thousand things of a general cargo.

As the drums roared and the boom grated, the siren of a little towboat shrieked as the boat furrowed a frothy way thru the turpid waters of the Mississippi on its way to pick up some ocean liner or freighter bringing into New Orleans the cargo of another world.

A seagull coursed a few feet over the waters, and moaned weirdly, eerily. A motor truck in a warehouse near the little water honked with the discordant strain of a bevy of geese, and a wagon or two rumbled over the roadway back of the Girod street wharf.

From still further back in the distance, but very distinct, came a spasmodic explosion of whistling from a giant locomotive.

Then, as the minutes sped by, and barrows began to clatter over the wharf, and men in hobnailed shoes commenced to clump away on their tasks.

But the boy did not raise his head, not even when the locomotive, stopping a moment as if to gather all its forces, let out one ear-breaking snort and plunged ahead on its route.

He turned to the man by his side and said to him in Spanish: "Amigo peudo hacerme el favor de darme un cagarro? (Friend, will you give me a cigarette?)" He waited while the man rummaged about in the pockets of a blue serge suit, then said, as if fearing his request would not be granted: "Soy servidor re usted (I am at your service)."

FINALLY, the man in the blue serge suit brought forth a little white cylinder, the cigarette, and proferred it.

Eagerly the boy grasped it, almost avidly, conjured a match from one of his pockets and lit it. He was about to put it to his mouth when, of a sudden, an expression of recollection came over his face. Turning to the man, he said: "Amigo, muchisimas (My friend, many thanks)." Then, anxiously, he put the remunerative for the favor rendered him, he added: "Mil gracias (a thousand thangs)." Then, anxiously, he put the cigarette to his mouth and began to inhale the smoke. A placid smile suffused his tired red face and a happy gleam lighted up his eyes, which only a moment ago had been dead—quite dead.

Back of him, a little to his left, proudly rode at anchor the gunboat Zaragoza, which is one-fifth of the Mexican navy, the red and green oblongs of its flag vying in loudness of color with the brown daub of the eagle between them. As the wind whistled in from the mouth of the river and caught the red and green flag it disclosed an undulating serpent in the eagle's mouth. The eagle seemed to shriek with every puff of wind, with every twist of the serpent.

Putting toward the Zaragoza, its tender bobbed up and down on the waves, while in its stern and fore sheets sat the buckram "commandantes"—in white uniforms and gold aiglets.

The tender rode high on the top of a comber and dashed against the side of the Zaragoza near the bottom of the accommodation ladder. The "comandantes" stiffly got out and ascended the ladder. From the apron, the little boy in dirty trousers looked out toward them, so they were greeted with glorious salaams by their subalterns—salaams which must have seemed to the little boy like the genuflection—the "glorious bend of the knee"—paid as homage to some arrogant monarch of old.

Then the "commandantes" walked away from the top of the gangway, where their stiff-armed subordinates had greeted them. The tender chugged toward shore, the eagle seemed to scream from its white background tinged with red and green, as a sailor in the tender shouted: "Viva Mejico!"

THE boy turned away from the sight of the eagle and spoke to the man by his side. It seemed as if he had to talk to unburden himself of some all-absorbing, engrossing thought.

"Me llamo Rafael Diaz," he said in the sibilant Spanish of Central America, the Spanish that sounded on his lips like the thrill of a songbird. "My name is Rafael Diaz."

"What's that you say," interrupted the man, "Diaz? Are you any relation to General Diaz?"

"Me hace reir," answered the little boy, while a gurgle seemed to choke his speech. "You make me laugh.

"I what am? Nothing but a roamer of the wharves, a tramp you call it in English for the time being. First I was a messboy. I worked on a ship. It was not very easy—that is, for me. It is six months that I am in this country of Los Estados Unidos—the United States.

"I am a Guatemalteco, a Guatemalan. I went to Tela six months ago and got myself a position—isn't that the same word in English—as messboy, and then I landed in Mobile. All this time since my arrival in this country I have been doing odd jobs—very odd jobs. That is a good joke, is it not?

"No, I do not want to return to Guatemala. I am tired, tired. I should like to be like the man who bears my name, General Diaz. I should like to do things such as he does.

"Aie, he is an exile, but what matters that? Nothing. He is great. He has fought wonderful battles. He shall fight more. Aie, I should like to be like him."

Away in the distance the Mexican eagle griped greedily at the serpent in its beak, and shrieked in triumph from between the red and green oblongs of its perch, the tender chugged, the sailors shouted in unison: "Viva Mejico!"

But the boy in the greasy trousers lowered his head and looked forlornly yet again at the dirty tips of his shoes, and the greasy stains on his trousers, unheedful of the shouts of the eagle, or the "Vivas Mejico" in the distance.

* * *

Losing Caste.

FIRST Social Leader—But I've dropped calling on the Phiz-Stantons.

Second Social Leader—How is that, my dear?

"Oh, no longer of our set. Their burglar only calls twice a week now, you know."

SEND NO MONEY

Now $1.98

Pants

Guaranteed $6.00 Value or Money Back

Made to Your Order

New wholesale tailoring house makes this sensational introductory offer—good for 30 days only. Perfect fitting excellent wearing pants of fine quality weave Worsted, guaranteed $6.00 pre-war value or MONEY BACK. Any style or size, no extra charges. Parcel Post or Express PREPAID. Write today for 60 cloth samples Free. $1.98 One pair to a customer

Agents Wanted EARN Big Money

Send orders for your relatives, friends and neighbors. Nice easy spare time work that pays you $20 to $40 a week. Send us your name today. Handsome cloth sample outfit and full information in first mail. Free. Write today.

STRAND TAILORING COMPANY
Baltimore, Md. Dept. 239

WATCH, TWO GOLD RINGS AND CHAIN

GIVEN Genuine American Watch guaranteed by maker and these Gold Rings and Chain all for selling 40 packets garden seeds at 10c each and returning the $4.00 collected. Many other premiums. Big cash commission if desired. Write quick.

WILSON SEED COMPANY
Dept. C21, Tyrone, Pa.

Has the Bald-Head Microbe —The Oil Eater—Got You?

"It Makes the Hair Fall Out"

Kill the Germ—Save Your Hair

At the bottom of each hair follicle nature has placed oil cells. Baldness is caused by a microbe, which eats up, or absorbs, as the scientists say, this oily nourishment around the hair root.

Millions of men and women are losing hair; have baldness, dandruff, itchy scalp, and dry, thin, fading, falling hair because they are not getting rid of this oil-eating microbe. Every time it is brushed, hair falls out. Alkaline soaps, alcoholic tonics, washing, rubbing, massaging, which so many people use, only aggravate the trouble, killing the little fuzzy hairs and making the big ones dry and thin. They do not kill the oil-eating microbe.

Hair Gets Sick—Needs Medical Treatment

Each hair needs medicine that will go right down to its root and kill the germ that is eating its life out.

Stiff brushing or hard finger massage is bad for the hair. Care for it gently—let it rest, but get rid of the microbe. Then see how thick, soft and glossy the hair will become.

HIR-ON-ME A HAIR MEDICINE — Perfectly Harmless No Alcohol or Alkali

But, it is at the same time, a combination of powerful medicaments with penetrating properties to reach the hair root and kill the oil-eating germ. Of course, when the cause of the trouble is removed, the natural oil is supplied and the hair grows again.

HIR-ON-ME also rids the head of dandruff, stops itching, makes the scalp feel clean, and prevents germs from attacking the good hair roots. It is gently stimulating to the scalp. Put HIR-ON-ME on the head at least twice a day, just like water. Shortly you will see wonderful improvement; as it starts to bring back the natural growth and color, it makes the old hair glossy and good looking, and gives it lots of "life," so much desired.

You Can Prove It—Makes Hair Grow

Not on billiard ball heads, but if there is still life in the papilla, the use of HIR-ON-ME will be a revelation. A week will show—right on your own head, that you have at last found a very easy, dependable way to stop falling hair, remove the dandruff, and make your head feel cool and clean. For your own good looks, make this test at once.

Takes dandruff out in three days. Stops itching instantly. No matter what you have tried, or now use, do not give up hope for a good head of hair until you have used HIR-ON-ME. Compare the results with old methods. Let your own mirror and the feel of your head and hair tell you which is best.

Send No Money—A Week's Test FREE!

Send in the coupon TODAY—and receive a month's treatment of HIR-ON-ME. Give it a fair test for one week. If satisfied, send us the dollar; if it fails to benefit, the test is free—you do not owe us one penny; simply re-mail the package sent you. HIR-ON-ME will please. We are willing to trust you to give it a fair trial—then you will continue HIR-ON-ME'S friend and recommend it to others. Be sure and mail the coupon—TODAY.

HIR-ON-ME
A HAIR MEDICINE

NOTE—You must send direct to us for HIR-ON-ME. Owing to the great demand, we have not been able to stock dealers. Kindly send your dealer's name when you write and we will let him know when we can supply him.

Test New Discovery —FREE!—

Medical science creates a hair medicine. Learn how it kills the bug at the hair root that causes baldness, also stimulates circulation without rubbing. Contains no alkali or alcohol that takes away the natural oil. HIR-ON-ME removes dandruff in three days—stops itching instantly, and helps you to keep the hair you have and to get more. Prove it on your head without cost.

Mail—Today—This Week's Trial Coupon

To HIR-ON-ME, H. L. Kramer, Gen'l Mgr.
1080B Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

You can send me the dollar package, enough for one month's treatment. I agree to give it a fair test for one week. If I am satisfied I will remit you one dollar. If I am not satisfied, I will mail back the package, after using it for one week.

Name .....

Occupation .....

Town ..... State .....

Druggist .....

Positive Pleasure.

TWO dentists were talking "shop." One remarked:

"My treatment is so painless that it often happens that my patients fall asleep while I am attending to their teeth."

The other dentist gave a deprecating shrug of his shoulders.

"Pooh, pooh, my dear man! That is nothing!" he cried. "You should see my place with all the latest improvements. Why, my patients nearly always ask me to send a message to fetch a photographer with the expression of gladness which my patent dental treatment alone can give them."

Growing Old Gracefully

Are *you* growing old gracefully? Who wins in the race of life? Is it the man who is thin blooded, weak, tired all the time? An athlete trains for every race. A man is as strong as his blood and as old as his arteries. Make the blood redder, your health better, by taking that old fashioned blood tonic—sold 50 years ago and still "good as gold"—namely Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic and blood purifier is made without alcohol in liquid or tablet form. It puts vim, vigor, vitality into your blood and arteries. Try it now.

PEORIA, ILL.—"I was suffering with stomach trouble and nothing seemed to relieve me until I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Gradually the distress diminished and finally left me entirely. I also find Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets a good family medicine. They are fine for clearing the liver and stomach of all impurities, in fact, this I find is the only thing that will keep myself and family in good health."—MICHAEL M. SCHUSTER, 300 Eckley St.

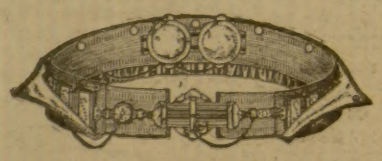
The "Discovery" Improves digestion Strengthens the Stomach and thus builds up solid flesh

You can't afford to be sick when it costs so little to be well

All Druggists sell it in Tablets or Liquid

60 DAYS' TRIAL

If you suffer from Debility, Nervousness, Lame Back, Lack of Vigor, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Dyspepsia, Poor Circulation, Insomnia, or any trouble due to low vitality, send for our Free Book telling all about the Herculex Health Belt and how it is sold on 60 days' trial, with no cost to you whatever unless you are thoroughly satisfied with results.



This is your opportunity to get back your strength, to become well, vigorous and capable without the use of drugs, and with no risk of losing your money.

You place the Health Belt around your waist upon going to bed and wear it nights until you are thoroughly restored to strength and health. The sensation it produces is a pleasant one, merely a warm, soft glow. This method of vitalization often takes pain and weakness out of the back in a few hours' time while you commence to feel better at once. Sixty to ninety days should be sufficient to build up your nerves and body so that you will probably look better and feel better than you ever did before, and as your system responds to the treatment rheumatism, kidney, liver and stomach weakness, and other troubles disappear.

Our illustrated Book tells all about this new drugless method of restoring strength. Write for your copy today. You have nothing to lose and a great deal to gain by giving the Health Belt a trial. Thousands have been benefited, why not you? Address:

THE HERCULEX CO., DEPT. B, 1416 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

$1,000,000.00 Corporation Gives Autos FREE

One of the largest business organizations in the United States is giving away brand new 1921 model touring cars absolutely free to persons who act quick. They are going to give away another soon and you can be the proud and happy owner of it.

Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning these autos, etc. They win because they are prompt. As soon as they see the ad and puzzle they solve it.

We are well known in every town, village and hamlet in the U. S. and cannot afford to make this offer to you unless we meant every word we say.

Free Surprise Present for Solving Puzzle

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Show you are alert and find at least four of the faces. Mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., for a beautiful free surprise present which we will send you for solving the puzzle. You will delight in owning this present.

Auto Given FREE

We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are giving away free.

Every dollar of our one million dollar capital is behind this promise.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS, you can also win, in addition to the auto, splendid prizes such as cameras, watches, bicycles, jewelry and things you like, without contest. We will also send you a copy of two national publications.

You Can't Lose Remember, every dollar of our one million dollar capital is behind what we say. Write your name and address plainly and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., of the free surprise present.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 13, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Didn't Sound Like Chopin.

Farmer Spuds and Mrs. Spuds were enjoying—experiencing would be a better word—their first concert. "What be the chune the orkestry's playin' of now?" asked the farmer of his spouse.

"I dunno," admitted Mrs. Spuds. "But I 'eard some bloke say as 'ow it were Chopin."

"Choppin!" snorted the farmer. "Choppin be blowed! It sounds a deal more like sawing!"

Life's sun soon sets;
A spark—a flash;
Death pays all debts
And now has Cash.

Great House Mystery.

"Well, I succeeded in leasing a house."

"What on earth is the matter with it?"

"Dunno, but it must be something terrible. The landlord voluntarily offered to paper it thruout."

Did She Mean It?

Mrs. Gawler—I expect your baby will be much larger when I see her again.

Mrs. Sharp—I hope so.

Brain Teasers.

Beheadings.

49—1. Behead to swing and leave method.
2. Behead to close and leave a cabin.
3. Behead volition and leave sick.
4. Behead a luminous body and leave a sailor.
5. Behead to end and leave a toy.
6. Behead a food and leave a cold substance.
7. Behead an animal and leave a part of the body.
8. Behead a salver and leave a line of light.

When these words have been determined and beheaded the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous American poet of Civil War times.

Three Hidden English Poets.

50—Take at sunset's parting ray
The path the man sought yesterday.

Anagram.

51—My first is in love but not in hate.
My second is in early but not in late.
My third is in dress but not in hat.
My fourth is in shoe but not in spat.
My whole is an old-fashioned musical instrument.

Four Word Square.

52—1. A rosy color.
2. A useful metal.
3. A part of the face.
4. A part of the verb "to know."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

45—Enigma.

Huge.

46—Charade.

Plea.
Sure.
Pleasure.

47—Numerical Enigma.

Peanut.
(Punt-nape).

48—A Dickens Ladder.

MARK TAPLEY—STEERFORTH.

M S
A T
R—h on—E
K—n i f—E
T—e no—R
A—l o o—F
P—l a t—O
L—emu—R
E T
Y H

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

—Adv.

A Wifely Plan.

"Still angry with your husband?"

"Yes."

"But why make such a terrible row over a small matter?"

"Well, after the quarrel started I thought I might as well get a silk dress out of it as a box of candy."

In Funds.

An epitaph in Georgia on the tombstone of a Mr. Cash runs:

Something Like That.

Child (saying prayers)—Give us this day our daily bread-and-butter.

Governess—No, dear—not butter.

Child—Oleomargarine, then.

Too Candid.

Wife—How do you like my new hat?

Hubby—Well, my dear, to tell you the truth——

Wife—Stop right there. If you're going to talk that way about it I don't want to know.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

MAKE $25.00 TO $50.00 NIGHTLY. WE furnish professional machine, films, supplies, etc., suitable for traveling or stationary use. No experience needed. We teach you this business. Little money required. Easy payments. Large catalog free. Dept. 600, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 537 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

FOR SALE

$15.00 NOW WILL BUY YOU AN ALL wool made to your measure suit. Write for free samples and latest spring styles. Central Tailors, Dept. B, 219 So. Dearborn, Chicago.

GOOD TYPEWRITER FOR SALE. A REAL bargain. Trial and payments. Josephine Yotz, Shawnee, Kansas.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY-alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN

WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, $135-$195 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J-6, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTORCYCLES

FORCED TO SACRIFICE OUR $50,000.00 stock of used motorcycles. Prices slashed below cost in latest catalog. It's free. Send stamp for Catalog B. Easy terms if desired. Floyd Clymer, America's Leading Motorcycle Dealer, Denver, Colo.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AMBITIOUS to make money writing stories and photoplays. Send for wonderful free book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 164, Auburn, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD—If this is not the greatest money-making house-to-house proposition. N. R. G. Laundry Tablets wash clothes in 10 minutes without rubbing. Contain no lime, lye, paraffin, wax or other injurious chemical and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. Nothing like it on the market. Positively the wonder of the age—sells for 20c, enough for five family washings. We supply one free sample with every package you buy and guarantee the sale of same. Just leave the free sample with the housewife and, when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady customer. Secure territorial rights at once, or you will regret it. A 1c postal brings sample and full particulars. Write for our big free premium to new agents. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., 1512-1516 So. Wabash Ave., Desk B, Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN AND AGENTS CAN MAKE A hatful of money demonstrating and selling Magic Scratch Remover; every home, furniture and piano dealer needs them; wonderful seller in house furnishing and drug stores; a grief saver for warehouse delivery men; it hides instantly scratches on any fine varnished surfaces; pocket size; demonstrate it in 10 seconds; sells itself; no competition; money making proposition. Write for full particulars. M. L. Campbell Company, 701 East 19th, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY DEMONSTRATING Tire-Cure. Automobile owners eager buyers. Marvelous. Punctures, cuts, blowouts in tires, tubes, permanently repaired in 5 minutes without tools or heat. Self-vulcanizing. Experience unnecessary. Saves 800% vulcanizing bills. $1 outfit repairs 100 punctures. Immense profits. Send for outfit and agency. Money-back guarantee to agents and customers. Eastern Rubber Products Co., Baltimore, Maryland.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 80 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

SPECIALTY SALESPEOPLE WANTED! TO sell B & G rubber aprons and sanitary specialties, articles of unusual merit, are needed in every home. They sell readily, satisfy your customers, and get repeat business. The profits are large enough to make you accept our offer. Drop postal now for descriptive folder, price list, etc. B. G. Rubber Co., Dept. 29, 618 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

CREW MANAGERS—AGENTS, OPALINE paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make $1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-12, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS—SEND FOR SAMPLE OUTFIT and big catalog of over 350 of the fastest selling articles on the market; soaps, flavors, kitchen and laundry articles, food products, etc. Quality products only. Write for great money making proposition today. American Products Co., 3194 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEWEST THING OUT—LITHOGRAM INItials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis racquets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c; brings $1.50. Fast sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Desk 22, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS: SELL FULL LINE OF GUARANteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest line of silk hose. Often take orders for dozen pairs in one family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady income. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 411, Dayton, Ohio.

CREW MANAGERS AND AGENTS: BIGgest surprise of the age in the portrait line. Something absolutely new. Will revolutionize portrait industry. Tremendous sales possibilities with this exclusive line. Write today. Culver Art and Frame Co., Dept. C-7, Westerville, Ohio, or Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—I MADE $50,000 CANvassing for portraits. I teach you free, give credit and guarantee delivery. Get free circular, "Profits in Portraits." It explains all. Friedman's United Art Studio, Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 425 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS, $5.00 TO $20.00 DAILY. PART OR full time. Sell our new bamboo self-filling fountain pens. $1.00 retailer. Sample 50c. The Bamboo Fountain Pen Co., Dept.-D, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

HOW TO START IN BUSINESS FOR YOURself—A little book sent free to men and women anxious to make money by working part or full time. Clows Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 4-A.

AGENTS—WIRELESS UMBRELLA. Something brand new. Costs no more than ordinary kind. Biggest seller ever introduced. Write quick for agency. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING guaranteed reversible waterproof kitchen aprons. Write and learn how to obtain a sample without cost. Moss Apron Company, 1001 Pilot Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANSformers. Every auto owner needs them. Saves gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 520 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WEEK. NEW method—no capital required—no deliveries—no delays—just take orders and bank big profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 461, Chicago.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

$20.00 DAILY MADE SELLING OUR NEW special $3.50 combination for $1.50, agent's price, 40c; sales guaranteed; 40c soap combinations, agent's price, 11c-15c. United Soap Works, 71 Park Place, N. Y.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SELL NECESSITIES; EVERYBODY NEEDS and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800 in 30 days. Send for sample; it's free. Nichols Co., Naperville, Ill., Dept. 8B.

SMOKELESS LAMP BURNERS SELL FAST. Repeat sales. Users delighted, 200% commission. Agents get territory now. Finch Lamp Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY AND furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X-520, Springfield, Ill.

ENERGETIC MEN EVERYWHERE, CITY, town, village or country, can add $10 daily to income. Ask Safety Hair Cutter Co., Washington, D. C., today—how?

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kans.

AGENTS—BARGO SILVER CLEANERS REmoves tarnish instantly. Last lifetime. 25c seller, big profit. Bargo Company, 625 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

$75 A WEEK SELLING CRESCO RAINcoats. Be independent. No collecting or delivering. Sample coat and outfit free. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 93, Ashland, O.

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AGENTS GET ILLUSTRATED FOLDER free. Wonderful profit maker. Dr. Eric Templin, Johnson City, Tenn.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN-WOMen over 17. Hundreds positions. $125-$195 month. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN WANTED AT $35 TO $100 A WEEK to make mechanical drawings. Work is easy, pleasant and leads to higher positions in industrial field at excellent salaries. We furnish set of instruments, train you at home, in spare time, by practical method and help you qualify for position. Write today for particulars. Roy C. Claflin, President, Dept. 1346, 14th & T Sts., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC INspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN WANTED. I WANT A FEW MORE men to train as draftsmen. Experience not necessary. Draftsmen earn $150 to $300 per month and more. Big demand. Splendid opportunities. Learn quickly at home. Let me send you free lesson. No charge. Address: Charles W. Morey, Director, 2235, Chicago Tech. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. HUNdreds wanted. $35 week. Learn while earning. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 804, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners, $150-$200, later $300. Railway Association, Desk W-8, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MALE HELP WANTED—(Cont'd.)

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective. 100 St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BECOME DETECTIVE — BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

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AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING. THOSE DEsiring plain sewing machine work at home. City; country; no canvassing. No experience necessary. To prevent curiosity seekers send twelve cents samples, information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Asbury Park, N. J.

WANTED WOMEN—BECOME DRESS DEsigners. $45 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 859, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ The Texas Investor, Weekly Magazine, published by practical oil operator. Reliable, up-to-date information. How to invest for greatest safety and quickest profits. Tells about latest fortune-making gusher oil field where one acre has produced more than $10,000,000 in oil, and shows you a way to share in development of this wonder field for few dollars under my new syndicate plan. Hundreds of small investors now co-operating with me should reap rich returns. Also learn how you can buy high-grade, dividend-paying stocks, listed on New York Stock Exchange, on my 20-payment, systematic-saving plan. Write for trial subscription free. Address, C. C. Cannan, 649 Cannan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

HAVE YOU EVER INVESTED IN A 25,000 barrel well in a proven gusher field? Here is your chance to do so. The Texas Company got one near us and Humble Company got one near us. Three independent companies are about to bring one in and then we will come next. If others get gushers, why not we? Particulars free. The West Columbia Company, 707 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

A WORKMAN RECENTLY INVESTED $300 in a Breckenridge oil royalty. In a few weeks his investment grew to $30,000. Can you invest $50 or more in a proven Breckenridge royalty? This is your opportunity. No stock to sell. For free particulars write: F. O. Harrell, Royalty Specialist, 226 Oil Exchange Bldg., Wichita Falls, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

AN INITIAL INVESTMENT OF FIVE DOLlars may make you rich. Secured by deed to land and interest in oil wells. Write me at once for full particulars. M. F. Hinckley, Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas, Dept. A.

$10 ACRE TEN YEAR OIL LEASES. SOLD on easy payments. Prospects magnificent. Fortune over night. Bonds & Co., Investment Bankers, Desk A, San Antonio, Texas.

OIL ROYALTY IN PRODUCING FIELD. Possible fortune from $100. A-1 reference. Bennett Royalty System, Miles City, Montana.

36% ANNUALLY—SAFE AS A BANK. Investments of $10.00 upwards accepted. Write—607 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUBlic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5 monthly buys 40 acres, productive land. Near town. Price $200. Box 425 S, Carthage, Mo.

FARM LANDS

OWN YOUR OWN ORANGE GROVE IN Fruitland Park, Florida's finest lake-jeweled highland section, way above sea level. A few dollars a month will buy it. Plant peaches, a quick money crop, with oranges, and the peaches may be made to pay not only for your land and orange grove but yield a profit besides. We can produce you a better orange grove for less money than anyone in the State and in Florida's greatest section. Fruitland Park is best. We can prove it. Write for a book of actual photographs, the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm and why peaches may pay for it. Lake County Land Owners' Association, 278 Palm Ave., Fruitland Park, Lake County, Florida.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY SPECIAL NUMBER JUST OUT, containing 1921 facts of clover land in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Riehle Land Co., 26 Skidmore-Riehle Bldg., Marinette, Wisc.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR THAT TIRED, NERVOUS FEELING take Kalpho Nerve Tablets and observe the magical effect. Make you eat well, sleep well and feel well. Two weeks' treatment, $1.00. Trial bottle, 25 cents. Parker-Biochemic Company, 99 Times Square Station, New York City.

GALLSTONES—FREE BOOK TELLS OF improved method of treating inflammation of gallbladder and bile ducts. Write today. Dr. Paddock, Box 7J201, Kansas City, Mo.

PILES—CURED OR NO PAY; $2.00 IF cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kuro Remedy Company, Kansas City, Mo.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

PERSONAL

MEN—NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case our tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish remarkable results as a rejuvenating, vitalizing tonic and health-builder for people of all ages. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Y.Z.)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE CAN find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARY LEWIS, AND ALL ABOUT HER—A marvelous surprise for you. Send us the names and addresses of 5 friends and 10 cents. We will mail you the surprise and a beautiful catalogue in colors. Our agents are making money. E. B. Witting, 123 W. Madison St., Chicago.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE there are fine, fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References Commercial State Bank.

MARRY — WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk A, Marshall, Mich.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information, send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; description and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

WRITE MRS. WILLARD, BOX 749, CHIcago, Illinois, if you want a wonderful little wife.

IF YOU WANT A HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Ray, C. C. Dennison, Ohio. Enclose stamped envelope.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LADIES DESIRING HUSBAND OF WEALTH and health, write Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

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JOIN THE TRUE FRIENDS CIRCLE. SEND 10c for information to The T. F. C., Box 78, Spokane, Wash.

MARRY? JOIN FRIENDSHIP CIRCLE. Particulars free. Address, Box 144, Tallahassee, Florida.

GENTLEMAN, RETIRED, 50, WITH $80,000, will marry. G-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

GENTLEMAN, 44, WORTH $75,000, WANTS wife. Q-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WEALTHY WIDOW, 39, WOULD MARRY. B-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

WIDOW, 49, WORTH $50,000, WANTS HUSband. A-Box 1124, League, Detroit, Mich.

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Guaranteed *for* Life

$1 Brings this Complete 42-Piece ALUMINUM SET

Here without doubt is the greatest bargain ever made in aluminum ware. A challenge to the world on value giving. See for yourself at our risk. Only $1 now and we ship the complete set—42 pieces—and give you 30 days' free trial. Money back if you don't say that this is the most wonderful aluminum set you ever saw and the most sensational bargain. See offer below. Don't miss this. You risk nothing.

No need to tell you how superior good aluminum ware is to any other kind of cooking utensils. You know how much more quickly it takes up the heat and gets the cooking done. Then, too, it actually safeguards health, because there are no chips and no corrosion or rust to get into the food and irritate the stomach as from iron or enamel ware, and it also beautifies your kitchen. You will find that your cooking is more uniform, more delicious—better in every way.

Try This Set for 30 Days FREE— and You Will Never Part With It

This remarkable 42-piece "Longware" Aluminum Set is made from **heavy gauge pressed steel aluminum. Absolutely seamless. Guaranteed for life. Will not crack, corrode, chip or peel.** Set consists of: Nine-piece combination double roaster with 2 outer shells; inside pudding pan; 5 custard cups with perforated pan holder. (Two outer shells make an excellent roaster for chicken, steaks or other meats. Using perforated inset and small pudding pan, it is a combination cooker and steamer. The three pans are also used separately over the fire as a cake pan, bake dish, pudding pan, or for any purpose where open pans are used.) 7-cup coffee percolator with inset (2 pieces); 6-quart preserving kettle; 2 bread pans; 2 pie plates; 1-quart and 2-quart lipped sauce pans; 1 ladle; 2 jelly cake pans with loose bottoms (4 pieces); 1 castor set; salt and pepper shakers; toothpick holder and frame (4 pieces); 1 measuring cup; 1 combination funnel (6 pieces); 3 measuring spoons; 1 strainer; 1 sugar shaker; 1 doughnut cutter; 1 cake turner; 1 lemon juice extractor. Shipped from Chicago warehouse.

Order No. 415CMA19. Complete Set, Pay $1.00 now. Balance $1.50 monthly.

Bargain Price, $14.85

Send Coupon Now

This complete, guaranteed 42-piece Pure Aluminum Set, as shown above, yours at our bargain price and only $1 to send now. Only a few cents a day pays the balance. If you don't find this set everything we claim, and a wonderful bargain, send it back after 30 days' use and we will refund your dollar and pay transportation **both ways.** And remember, **we guarantee this set for life.** If at any time it corrodes, cracks or chips, you get all your money back for the asking.

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Enclosed is $1.00. Send the 42-piece Aluminum Set No. 415CMA19. I am to have 30 days' trial. If not satisfied, I will ship it back and you will refund my $1.00 and pay transportation both ways. If I keep it I will pay $1.50 per month until price, $14.85, is paid.

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Town ..... State .....